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LOS ANGELES

MOTHER,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

JOHN KENNEDY.

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ERRATA.

Page 26—line 8—*For* fullishness *read* foolishness.
,, 38—line 3—*For* my *read* our.
,, 45—line 11—*For* reigns *read* reign.
,, 106—line 11—*For* insect *read* flower.
,, 108—line 5—*For* journing *read* journey.
,, 109—line 17—*For* were *read* are.
,, 143—line 23—*For* ayout *read* ayont.
,, 164—line 6—*For* clapp'd *read* capp'd.
,, 168—line 14—*For* sorrow *read* with sorrow.
,, 236—line 19—*omit* there.
,, 237—line 16—*For* stammach *read* stomach.

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CONTENTS.

To the Reader	v.
Mother	1
Fair, Lovely Maiden	18
Love Divine	19
Shadows	20
The Lover's Lament	21
The Dying Soldier	23
Strong Drink	24
A Fairy Tale	29
Love and Duty	61
A Lullaby	63
Thy Will be Done	64
The Exile's Farewell	65
On the Albert Institute	67
Maiden Mine	69
My Mary..	69
To a Lady	71
My Ain Wife	72
Eliza	76
Mary (A Fragmentary Poem)	83
Farewell	109
To Annie..	112
On Raising a Subscription	114
On the Same Occasion	117
To my Brither	118
I Wonder if She Loves Me	121
Some Say I'm a Lovely Young Maiden ..	122
Second Life Guards	123
The Dying Christian	124
The Auld Man to his Wife	125
Heartfelt Wishes	127
God Bless the Baby	129

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On Seeing the Baby 130
In Memoriam 130
In the midst of Life we are in Death .. 132
Woman—War 134
Lines to Dorcas 137
The Cross 139
I awoke, and lo ! it was a Dream 140
General Gordon 146
The Mind—A Reminiscence 148
Passing Thoughts 151
Christmas Morning, 1885 153
Christmas Greetings 155
Christian Tell Me 156
Dead, Yet Speaketh 157
Death 158
Musings 163
Friendship 165
Majuba Hill 167
Father 169
Thine for Ever 183
The Name of Jesus 184
Let us Adore Him 186
God the Father 187
God of Battles 188
Keep us and Guide us 190
To an Old Lady.. 191
To the Same 192
Tam 193
A vera Ghaistly Tale 209
A Few Fragments 242
Hail ! Victoria 247
God Bless the Queen 249
Glossary of Scotch Words 257

TO THE READER.

I CULL'D these simple spraylets as I journey'd on my way;
Some I gathered in the gloaming, and some at break of day;
Some when the stars were twinkling, in the silence of the night,
Some when Sol, in noonday glory, shed down his radiant light.
Some I glean'd in cot and palace, and busy haunts of men,
Some in the dark, gloomy forest, and some in sunny glen;
Some on the stormy ocean, some from the ambient air,
Some from the earth's foundations, and some from flowerets fair.
I glanced at the depths of science, and scann'd the Word of God,

But, alas! their light shone dimly on the path in which I trod;
For want of scholastic knowledge I often went astray,
And the light that erst was shining, like shadows passed away.
Learning kindles the latent fire within the plastic mind,
Evolving aspirations more noble and refined;
Dispels gross superstition, makes the dark with light to shine,
Unveils the works of Nature, shows their Maker is Divine.

Upon the sweet wings of poesy I glanced at the unseen,
Viewed the deep gloom of Hades, and Heaven's effulgent sheen;
Gazed at the awful torments of the damn'd, in Hell's abode,

And the never-ending glory of the ransom'd
sons of God.
Roved on the wings of fancy across the
bright, starry main,
And saw, in worlds and atoms, there is
nothing made in vain.
In all God's works around me, in the
ocean, earth, and air,
I saw a Divine Creator, His presence
everywhere.
I wandered in joy and gladness o'er moun-
tain, hill, and vale,
Searching for the pure and lovely, to adorn
my simple tale ;
And sweet has been the pleasure as I
cull'd the tiny sprays,
Which I lay before my readers in these
few rustic lays.

Mother, and other Poems.

MOTHER.

[I stood by the bed of a dying youth, who, shortly before his death, stretched out his arms (while a heavenly smile illumed his face) and exclaimed: "He is there! He is there! He is all in white." The scene at the time made a deep impression on my mind, and it has since often flitted across my mental vision, assumed many and varied forms, until at last it resolved itself into the following simple and untutored verse. The sceptic may sneer and the worldling laugh, but from my heart I pray that "my last end be like his."—THE AUTHOR.]

MOTHER, I am on the confines
  Of a brighter, better world,
Where the glory of the future
  To my eyes will be unfurl'd.

Where I'll see the King, Jehovah,
  With saints and angels round the throne,
If the blood that flowed on Calvary
  For my earthly sins atone.

Yes, I'll see the King of Glory,
Clothed in majesty, on high;
And the thought is bliss, my mother,
Now the end is drawing nigh.

It is balm, and sweetest incense,
And gives comfort to the soul,
To know God is ever near me
As a universal whole.

I behold the One Eternal,
And His mighty hand I trace
In the atoms floating round me,
And the worlds in boundless space.

All His works accord Him glory,
In the ocean, earth, and air;
All proclaim the Omnipresent,
And His Majesty declare.

He is present in the dewdrop,
And the angry ocean's roar;
In the hoary, cloud-capp'd mountains,
And the barren desert shore.

I see Alpha and Omega,
In the insect and the flower;
In the deep-mouth'd rolling thunder,
In the sunshine and the shower.

Now He rides upon the whirlwind,
Now He whispers in the calm;
Now gives rest unto the weary,
Now unto the wounded balm.

But His glory still is hidden,
Though 'tis only for a while;
Soon I'll cross the darksome river,
Bask for ever in His smile.

Mother, it will soon be over,
But of death I have no fear;
Jesus, He is ever near me,
And His voice I seem to hear.

Yes, I hear His gentle whisper,
As I near dark Lethe's stream;
Now its waters are like crystal,
Or bright visions in a dream.

Once I feared the fell destroyer,
Trembled at his dread decree;
Now I'm longing for the summons,
When his hand shall set me free.

His dark shadow now is o'er me,
And is very, very near;
But thine arm is circled round me,
So I've nothing now to fear.

You ask, mother, if I'm happy,
If my hope is bright and clear,
And my answer is that Jesus
To my soul is very dear.

And He says unto the weary
"Come, and I will give you rest,"
So I choose Him for my Anchor,
And I know He is the best.

It is no vain, fond illusion,
When I say that God is near,
That I see His Three-fold presence,
By the eye of faith made clear.

Can the dark-soul'd atheist, mother,
Rest on hope as sure as mine,
He who trusts in arm of mortal,
With no hope in the Divine?

Mine is built on Rock of Ages,
(His on ever-shifting sand,)
With eternity, my mother,
As the base on which we stand.

When arraign'd before the judgment
Of the ever-living God,
Will he laugh at the Almighty,
And His sin-avenging rod?

Will he still rail at the Godhead,
As he did when on the earth ?
Sneer at what is pure and holy,
And deny the Saviour's birth ?

No ! he'll ask the hills to hide him
From the One All-seeing Eye,
And eternity will echo
To the still unanswer'd cry.

But I'll leave the gloomy sceptic,
Turning to a brighter scene,
View the sun descend in glory,
Ere I enter the unseen.

Here I cannot read the future,
Nor the curtain draw aside ;
But I rest my hope in Jesus,
He will evermore abide.

Principalities and powers,
With their glories, pass away,
But His love, which passeth knowledge,
Will with me for ever stay.

I am passing through the furnace
Where the gold is purified,
And the Comforter is with me,
Emmanuel, the Crucified.

I am dying, dying, mother,
I am fading fast away
From a land of fleeting shadows
To a bright, eternal day.

But I think with joy, my mother,
Of the days that have gone by ;
It is like a gleam of sunshine
From a dark and cloudy sky.

Now I'll leave you, darling mother,
Here I must no longer stay ;
Like yon sun I'm gently sinking
To the realms of endless day.

Here I'll watch its fading glory,
As I lie upon thy breast,
For no more I'll see its rising,
Or its setting in the west.

It is grand, surpassing lovely,
To my eyes, the setting sun ;
But I'll wake to brighter glory
When my race on earth is run.

When my heart shall cease its throbbing,
And is loos'd life's silver cord ;
When the pearly gates I enter
To the presence of the Lord.

Now, around the bright horizon,
Banks of fleecy clouds arise,
And out pours a stream of glory
From the azure-tinted skies.

Now each cloud is streaked with carmine,
Spreading out like angels' wings ;
Now a lark is upward soaring,
And the air with music rings.

And my soul is filled with rapture,
List'ning to its joyful lays,
As it soars beyond my vision,
Pouring forth its song of praise.

Waves of gold are now advancing
O'er the glowing hemisphere,
And the birds are trilling sweetest
Melody, my heart to cheer.

And unrolls a panorama
With an ever-changing scene,
Yawning gorges, deep'ning shadows,
Now a bright effulgent sheen.

Now a plain of shimmering beauty,
Lovely as the virgin snow ;
Now uprear grand Alpine mountains,
With their summits all aglow.

Light and shade now sport alternate
On beetling cliff and rugged cone ;
Golden tints are now ascendant,
Now they're white as arctic zone.

See ! yon mountain mass is moving,
Like an avalanche of snow,
Burying in its grand progression
All the lesser hills below.

And with slow, majestic motion,
Cloudy pillars pierce the sky,
While below, in hoary ruins,
Palaces and temples lie.

All are piled in wild confusion,
As if by magician's wand ;
Now weird battlements and towers,
Like a scene in fairyland.

Now huge, tow'ring, silvery masses,
Grander than the Appennines ;
Now each rugged peak is golden,
As with rainbow-tints it shines.

Now emerge sublime creations,
Like the fragments of a world,
Showing the Divine Creator,
As their glory is unfurled.

Mountains now are piled on mountains,
Hills and valleys roll between,
Robed in snowy, feathery mantles,
Like pure silver's frosted sheen.

Bright, transcendent is their beauty,
Glorious each tint and hue,
Like Aurora Borealis,
Ever changing, ever new.

Beautiful, surpassing lovely,
Surely God Himself is there,
Prefig'ring our future glory
By those emblems in the air.

Grand and noble are their outlines,
Like eternal hills of snow,
Or volcanic, craggy mountains,
Where the fiery currents flow.

And, beneath, the shimmering beauty
Sparkles still upon the plain,
Downwards pour the golden streamers,
While the lark sings its refrain.

Still the glory is advancing
Like a burnished, golden sea ;
And my prison'd soul is longing,
Longing, mother, to be free.

Now a bright, pure, chasten'd glory
Fills the room and vaulted sky ;
Sweetest peace is o'er me stealing,
Surely God is very nigh ?

Paradise now seems to open,
To unveil the heav'nly plain,
Where we'll meet again, my mother,
Free from sorrow, sin, and pain.

O, it is beyond conception,
Grander than a poet's dream ;
And I fail—poor finite mortal—
To do justice to the theme.

But a veil of darken'd shadows
Is descending o'er the scene,
And I've looked the last, my mother,
On yon bright, effulgent sheen.

For the glory is departing,
And succeeds a leaden hue ;
See ! the golden tints are fading,
Now they've vanished from my view.

Bright Aurora, too, has left us,
And the room is fill'd with gloom,
A true symbol of the darkness
Which awaits us in the tomb.

Our bodies will with dust commingle,
In the grave a season lie;
But the soul, the fount of reason,
To a God of Love will fly.

And again they'll be united
At the final day of doom,
When the harvest will be gather'd
From the silence of the tomb.

When the last dread trumpet soundeth,
And the dust of ages rise,
We shall meet the Lord's anointed
In His glory in the skies.

All creation then will vanish
In a universal flame;
Mother, let us kneel to Jesus,
Laud and glorify His Name.

Mother mine, my gentle mother,
Clasp me to thy loving heart,
Let me nestle in thy bosom
Till I'm summoned to depart.

I am weary, weary, waiting,
And I long to go to rest:
In thine arms I now will slumber,
With my head upon thy breast.

For the end is near, my mother,
Short and labour'd is my breath;
Jesus soon will guide me safely
Through the gloomy gates of death.

He has promised to be with me
When my soul is sore opprest,
And to lead me to the Father,
There to find eternal rest.

Do not grieve for me, my mother,
Death will open wide the door
Which will usher me to Heaven,
And its joys for evermore.

Where no sin or sorrow enters,
Where we meet to part no more;
Where we'll greet the dear ones, mother,
Who have gone from us before.

Where no sun or moon is shining,
Where the stars have pass'd away;
Where the glory of the Triune
Radiates eternal day.

And we'll kneel in adoration
At the footstool of the Lamb,
And, with angels, join in praising
The Ineffable I Am.

Hark! my mother, holy angels
To my bed are drawing near;
They are singing, O, how sweetly,
Hymns of praise my soul to cheer.

They are robed in spotless raiment,
Whiter than the driven snow:
And the room is fill'd with glory,
Lovely as the sunset's glow.

O my mother, for an instant
Heaven's veil was drawn aside,
And I had a glimpse of glory
Grander than I can describe.

Glorious and bright the vision
Which unroll'd before mine eyes,
And I gazed with awe and rapture
On the mansions of the skies.

All was glory, pure, effulgent,
Round the High and Holy One;
And Co-equal, Co-eternal,
Sat His well-belovéd Son.

And I thought He smiled upon me
From His rainbow-circled throne,
That He hid me in His bosom,
While His face with glory shone.

O my mother, it was lovely,
Far beyond this world's compare;
And I'm waiting, longing, waiting,
For the summons to go there.

Mother dearest, darling mother,
You have been my sweetest joy;
But a purer is before me,
Free from sin and earth's alloy.

Mother dear, you'll soon come to me,
For the journey is not long;
I'll be waiting to receive you,
With a bright, angelic throng.

And I'll lead you to the Saviour,
The Incarnate Three in One;
Then your sorrows will be ended,
And the victory be won.

Mother, my own gentle mother,
All is glory now around;
Loud triumphant hallelujahs
From my angel-guards resound.

"Hallelujah! hallelujah!!"
Still the herald angels cry,
As the sands of life are ebbing,
And the hand of death draws nigh.

They are radiant with glory,
And their wings are spreading wide;
A few moments—fleeting moments—
Will my rôle on earth decide.

And they'll bear me, dearest mother,
Ere another sun shall rise,
To a haven, calm and peaceful,
In the courts of Paradise.

"Victory!" and "Hallelujah!"
From the vault of Heaven rings;
And I hear a gentle rushing,
Like the sound of angels' wings.

I behold a seraph, mother,
With the fiat from above,
Where the portal now is open,
Open'd by Redeeming Love.

Hark! a grand angelic pæan
Wakes the blue ethereal sky,
Heralding the King—the Shiloh,
Who Himself is drawing nigh.

See the Lamb of God approaching,
Glorified He now appears;
Mark the signs of our redemption
In the wound-prints which He bears.

Once, the sins of earth opprest Him,
He knew not where to lay His head;
Once, He lay within the manger,
Where the lowing cattle fed.

Now, ten thousand thousand angels
Hail Him Lord, Messiah, King,
Saints and martyrs all adore Him,
And His praises ever sing.

I adore Him too, my mother,
As the High and Holy One;
All my hopes are centred in Him,
I can say "Thy will be done."

For He bled for my redemption,
Meekly bow'd His sacred head,
In deep anguish cried "'Tis finish'd!"
And was number'd with the dead.

"It is finished!"—my salvation
On the Cross was verified;
"It is finished!"—He has risen!
God and Man, the Crucified.

It is finished: "He has risen!"
All creation doth proclaim;
He has risen, and is coming
Soon my ransom'd soul to claim.

He is coming !—now I see Him,
And He greets me with a smile ;
Earth is fading, life is fleeting,
I must leave you for awhile.

Clasp me closer to thee, mother,
Let me hear thy voice again
Ere I launch on death's dark river,
Leading to the Heavenly main.

Glory, glory, all is glory,
Now the Son of God is nigh,
And the angels are triumphant,
Spreading out their wings on high.

And my soul is fill'd with longing
To leave its tenement of clay,
On their wings to fly exultant
To the realms of endless day.

Mother, haste, the window open,
For the pearly gates I see,
And within are angels waiting,
Waiting soon to welcome me.

And the King of Glory, mother,
He who died upon the Tree,
He who bled for our redemption,
Mother, He now waits for me.

Kiss me yet again, my mother,
Just once more before we part;
And, with joy, I'll hail the summons,
Nestling near thy loving heart.

Now I'm happy, O so happy,
With your warm cheek close to mine;
Farewell, mother: welcome, Jesus,
Thou art mine, and I am Thine.

FAIR, LOVELY MAIDEN.

Fair, lovely maiden, can you tell
If love on earth doth always dwell;
Or, is it true, sweet gentle love
Is only found in realms above?

The maiden, blushing, answer'd "Yea,
"Sweet love on earth doth always stay;
"Ev'n now I feel its pleasing dart
"Quivering in my virgin heart."

I to the maiden closer drew
To gain of love a clearer view;
When, true as sunshine tints the flow'r,
I then felt love's mystic power.

From out her flashing eyes there flew
A dart, which pierced me through and through,
And, at her feet, I own'd sweet love
Dwelt nearer than the realms above.

LOVE DIVINE.

My theme shall be of love,
Sweet love divine;
Of everlasting love,
Which may be thine.

Of love that never dies,
Love always new;
Seeking our souls to win,
Our hearts renew.

Of One upon the Cross,
Of Him I sing,
Who died that we might live,—
The Christ, the King.

Who left His Father's throne,
His home above,
To dwell upon the earth;
Unfathom'd love!

Pierced, nail'd upon the Cross,
  His hands and feet,
And from His side outflow'd
  An offering meet.

To wash away our sins,—
  Each guilty stain,—
The Christ, Immanuel,
  For us was slain.

Such deep, unfathom'd love,
  Beyond our ken,
Was the great sacrifice
  Of Christ for men.

SHADOWS.

Shadows here and shadows there,
Shadows flitting everywhere;
Shadows meet us at our birth,
Shadows close our eyes in death.

Shadows of the shadowy past
On our future shadows cast;
Shadows at the festive board
Of the peasant and the lord.

Shadows cloud each happy hour,
On the brightest, shadows lower ;
Shadows at the busy mart,
Shadows round each throbbing heart.

I have seen the young and gay
Like a shadow pass away,
And the strong man, racked with pain,
Say that death would be his gain.

Shadows blight the maiden's bloom,
Shadowing the silent tomb ;
And the noble, manly breast,
The dark shadows lay to rest.

Shadows overshade our lot,
In the palace and the cot ;
But—no shadows, when we rest
On a loving Saviour's breast.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

My een are dim wi' greetin',
My heart is sad and wae ;
For they hae stown my dearie,
And ta'en her far away.

We twa our troth had plighted
  Aneath a hawthorn tree;
Twa souls were then united
  In true felicity.

We gazed adoon Time's vista,
  And a' seem'd fu' o' joy,
Na cloud in the horizon
  Our future to alloy.

She was my ain sweet birdie,
  Sae sonsie and sae fair,
Wi' eyes bright as the dewdrops,
  And bonnie gowden hair.

As to my heart I clasp'd her,
  Sweet vows we did renew,
And swoor, by Him aboon us,
  To be for ever true.

But they hae gi'en my dearie,
  My lassie sweet and fair,
To an old toothless carlin,
  Wha had got lots o' gear.

And eyes, that beam'd as brightly
  As sunshine in the sky,
Wi' tears now aft are clouded,
  And waesome is her sigh.

Cursed be the gowd that bought her,
Cursed be the carlin's art,
Which stole my ain sweet birdie,
And brak' her lover's heart.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Brave comrades, farewell, my fighting is over,
No more will I march to the beat of the drum,
Charge through the breach at the point of the bayonet,
For my last day on earth already has come.

No more will we scale the ramparts together,
Nor shoulder to shoulder rush on to the foe;
Sharp pinging bullets have each found a billet,
And England's brave heroes in thousands lay low.

In gallant array our guards are advancing,
With cheers they are charging the foe on the plain;

Round me are lying the dead and the dying,
Who'll ne'er see the home of their fathers again.

The bugle's shrill notes in vain will be sounded,
No answer I'll give at the morning roll-call:
My warfare is over, death is approaching,
I die for my Queen, for my country I fall.

O joy! I'll obey the voice of my Captain,
When the Archangel sounds the final roll-call,
I'll march to the front, 'mid lightning and thunder,
And receive the reward which is open to all.

STRONG DRINK.

Strong drink it is the nation's curse,
And pairts baith frien' and brither;
It tak's the guid frae oot the heart,
And a' gangs wrang thegether.

'Tis the foul leprosy o' sin,
And drags man doon the lowest,
Snapping asunder nature's ties,
Which God on a' bestowest.

It mak's the mither hate her child,
The child to hate its mither ;
Destroys the purest social joys
We hae wi' ane anither.

The maist o' us hae ken'd some frien',
Wi' honour pure, unspotted,
Become the vilest o' the vile,
By alcohol besotted.

The higher attributes o' man
It seems to blight and canker,
Leaving the grosser pairts behind,
Debasing sins to pamper.

There's scarce a spark o' manhood left
In a confirmèd drunkard ;
He worships at the shrine o' self,
His god is in the tankard.

He'll rob his wife o' house and hame,
His weans o' food and clothing ;
And spend the proceeds o' his shame
To mak' himsel' mair loathing.

It crowds our jails wi' a' that's vile,
Fills monie a pauper's grave ;
Sends thousands to a living tomb,
Like demoniacs to rave.

It makes the bloomin' cheek to pale,
The youthfu' voice to quaver,
The auld a gommeral become,
And fullishness to claver.

Reason is driven frae her throne
By the fiend alcoholic ;
A room is swept : by open door
Enters the diabolic.

Af a' the asses o' the earth,
Man seems the greatest donkey ;
He is the only one who drinks
What makes him fu' and cranky.

The deil he baits his hellish traps
Wi' the accursèd liquor,
Which mak's sweet gentle peace to flee,
The dearest frien's to bicker.

If Hell's dread lair we could unfauld,
Twa pairts we'd find were drunkards,
The chiels wha quaffed the alcohol
Frae glass and breaming tankards.

The drunkard he is scarce a man,
  But worse than beasts that perish ;
He loses a' his highest thoughts,
  The thoughts that guid men cherish.

And, worst o' a', the Beuk doth say—
  Na drunkard shall inherit,
Or hae a place in the abode
  Where dwells God's Holy Spirit.

The highest intellects o' airth,
  Hae felt its fascination,
Succumb'd to the bewitching wiles,
  Which brings sic' desolation.

The rich, the poor, the high and low,
  May a' weel curse the poison,
Which blighted a' their highest hopes,
  Obscured their bright horizon.

Even the preachers o' the Word
  By it hae sometimes fallen,
Descended frae their high estate
  To wretchedness appallin'.

Man loses by the demon drink
  The brain-resisting power,
Descending in the social scale
  Till he can fa' nae lower.

When he nae langer can resist,
  Then follows swift destruction,
The earthly end o' which is shame,
  Beyond the resurrection.

When a' the myriads shall wauk
  To meet the Judge Supernal,
And hear Him say to some "Arise,
  Enter thou life eternal."

The drunkard—weel, we canna' tell,
  But if we gang by Scripture,
We ken he winna wear a crown,
  Nor grasp a royal sceptre.

The safest course, for ane and a',
  Is to avoid temptation,
And touch na mair the poison'd cup
  Which ends in dread damnation.

But maist o' us are fu' o' pride,
  And think that we are able
To stap when we hae had eneugh,
  Tho' ithers are unstable.

But Ane wha ken'd has tauld us, pride
  Is herald o' destruction;
'Tis written in the Beuk o' Life
  For ilka ane's instruction.

The only pathway free frae guile,
And ane to keep us siccar,
Is frae Dame Nature's fount to draw
The *aqua-pura* liquor.

But if we still persist to tak'
The alcoholic gases,
Wi' truth our epitaphs may be
"Here lies a lot o' asses."

A FAIRY TALE.

THE INVITATION TO A YOUNG MAIDEN TO VISIT THE HOME OF THE FAIRY QUEEN IN WINDSOR FOREST.

My dear, dear little Annie, I pray you to me come,
You're sweet as sugar candy, or a ripe juicy plum;
You are like a little lambkin, and gentle as the dove,
And sweeter than the sweetest, so you shall be my love.
Bright and lovely as a fairy I see oft in my dreams,

Which flits about and dances beneath the
moon's pale beams.
You are sweet as apple blossom, and
fragrant as the rose,
And sweeter than each flow'ret that in my
garden grows ;
You are all that I can wish for—so loving,
kind, and true,
The essence of all sweetness—my love I'll
never rue.
You are just, my dearest Annie, your own
sweet little self,
A honeycomb of sweetness, a charming
little elf.
The morn is bright and lovely, so come at
once I pray,
I've got such heaps of nice things to take
with us to-day.
Haste to me, my dear one, do not loiter on
the way,
And you shall be my sweetheart all this
bright summer day.
We'll saunter through the woodlands, and
wander far away,
To listen to the birdies, and roll amongst
the hay :
And I will gently lead you to the bright
greenwood dell,

Where wood-nymphs and the fairies in palaces do dwell ;
And I'll tell to you a story about the Fairy Queen,
How with a wand of magic she weaves a fairy scene,
Where jewels of purest lustre hang from each tiny spray,
Shimm'ring like crystal dewdrops when kiss'd by sunny ray.
The Fairy Queen is beautiful as the first breath of morn,
And lovely as the snowflakes ere of their beauty shorn ;
O it is a lovely sight the sweet Fairy Queen to see,
Nestling in a buttercup, or flitting o'er the lea ;
I oft see her in my dreams, O so lovely, sweet, and fair,
There is nothing like her here, in the ocean, earth, or air.
We must go to realms above such loveliness to see,
Where we mortals hope to dwell in pure felicity ;
But at present I'll not sing of that bright, heavenly scene,

But of the wonders wrought by the lovely
elfin Queen :
How all the fairy powers, each elfin, sprite
and fay,
To Runnymede make haste, the royal
mandate to obey.
(But only can young maiden behold their
revelry;
If she is pure as angels, she will as angels
see.)
The Queen waves her wand, and glory—
bright effulgent sheen,
A halo more than earthly, on knoll and
hillock's seen ;
And sweet, harmonious music is wafted to
the ear,
As if a choir of angels were very, very
near.
The fairies they come tripping from glen
and leafy bower,
From buttercup and bluebell, and each
lovely flower ;
With merry peals of laughter they form a
fairies' ring,
And the Queen commands the elfins a
fairy song to sing.
They sing of love and beauty, and the
graces of their Queen,

How none so tall and lovely in Fairyland
is seen ;
And, when the song is ended, the heralds
then advance
To proclaim a tournay, for sweet love to
break a lance :
The guerdon—a fair maiden of Britain's
royal line,
With beauty so transcendent, no language
can define ;
Her dower—golden palace 'mong flowers
that never die.
Don thine armour, warriors, the battle
now is nigh !

THE FAIRY QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION.

" Assemble all the powers, it is our royal
decree,
" In a green, leafy bower, muster our
chivalry ;
" Ere the silvery moon shall rise, our
legions must attend,
" In dark panoply of war, their honour to
defend.
" Array'd in their national dress, arm'd
with sword, lance, and shield,
" Beneath our royal eyes to tilt in tented
field.

"The beauteous Princess Royal, for whom each hero sighs,
"Will view the tournament, and be the victor's prize.
"From each nation warriors ten will join in the tournay,
"And for the maid contend until the break of day.
"When a warrior bites the dust, to the victor he will yield,
"And will march, with arms reversed, from the ensanguin'd field;
"No recreant knight need come, the royal boon to crave,
"But with hearts as true as steel, the bravest of the brave.
"From Windsor Royal Towers the trumpets will resound,
"For the cohorts to advance within the mystic ground;
"Seven times the mighty host will circle the castle walls,
"To pay homage to the Queen who reigns within its halls.
"From the castellated keep a herald will proclaim
"The warriors who that night will fight for love and fame;

"In St. George's royal hall, bedecked in bright, golden sheen,
"They will, on bended knee, swear allegiance to their Queen.
"On the symbols of chivalry of ages pass'd away,
"They will gaze with bated breath when they think on the tournay
"In which they will engage, when the silvery moon shall rise,
"When the bravest and the best will contend for beauty's prize.
"Seated on a sapphire throne, raised by the royal command,
"Will sit the Fairy Queen, while warriors round her stand.
"A banquet will be spread, given by Great Britain's Queen,
"And lordly guests be there, but no fairies will be seen;
"They will form in phalanx deep, in glorious array,
"While an ancient bard recites a grand, heroic lay:
"Sing of the noble deeds of the knights of chivalry,
"When they rescued lovely maids from the wiles of witchery;

"Defied great Merlin's power, and his
necromantic art,
"Storm'd his enchanted towers, and won
fair maiden's heart.
"When the clarion's warlike notes resound
o'er dewy meads,
"The warriors, with a bound, will vault
on their prancing steeds,
"And march 'tween stately trees planted
by the good Queen Anne,
"With the Britons, as of yore, still leading
in the van.
"And will pass o'er hill and dale where
grows the sweet blue-bell,
"Till they reach a darksome wood within
the fairy dell;
"As they cross the listed field, where all
is golden sheen,
"They will make the welkin ring, in
honour of their Queen:
"By nations will advance, with banners
all unfurl'd,
"That the Queen of queens may see the
pennons of the world.
"Principalities and powers, of high and
low degree,
"Will make obeisance low, and humbly
bow the knee:

"All the fairy powers of earth, of every clime and zone,
"Will swear allegiance true to England's Queen alone;
"Then take their appointed stand, by marshals pre-ordain'd,
"That in the presence royal due order be maintain'd.
"Obey these royal behests—the orders of thy Queen,
"And dwell in bowers of bliss, and everlasting sheen:
"Our decrees are those of love, beyond frail mortals ken,
"A welcome to all we give within the fairy glen.
"Dare to disobey our will, and meet with vengeance dire,
"With dread punishment condign, beneath our Queenly ire;
"Driven from the elfin halls, with mortal wights to dwell,
"To wander for evermore outside the fairy dell:
"Ne'er again to see the dance, or hear the elfins sing,
"Nor behold their joys and loves within the fairy ring.

"Assemble all the powers, it is our royal decree,
"In a green, leafy bower, muster my chivalry!"

THE SUMMONS.

The Queen's messengers rush forth, with lightning speed they go,
To the sunny south some hie, some to eternal snow;
On green Erin's sea-girt isle, and Scotia's mountains blue,
The shrill, startling cry was heard, "Prepare, each warrior true,
"To march, by Windsor towers, to a green, mossy dell;
"Between there and Runnymede the Fairy Queen doth dwell!"
From 'mid Afric's sunny plains her sable warriors came,
With bright assagay and lance, to fight for love and fame;
From the frozen Arctic pole, where the foot of man ne'er trod,
From Patmos and Cyprus isles, and from the land of Nod.
From the Ganges sacred stream, where Hindoo and Parsee dwell;

From the confines of the earth, from mountain, flood and fell :
From the sluggish flowing Nile, home of ancient story,
From its mysterious source, and from mountains hoary ;
From Greenland's glist'ning hills, weird home of mist and snow,
Her fur-clad warriors came, for love to strike a blow.
On Russia's barren steppes, the wild Cossacks of the Don
Call'd for their noble steeds, and their armour buckled on.
The Parthian and the Moor, the German and the Dane,
Call on their patron saints for sweet victory to gain ;
Mongolian and Turk came from their bright, flowery land,
To beard the hated Frank on his dark, cloudy strand ;
And they swore, with bated breath, on creese and scimitar,
To win the royal maid, or to perish in the war.
On Australasia's shore, where the sons of Britain dwell,

They heard the glorious news, to meet in
mossy dell ;
The magic words resound, " Remember
Runnymede !
" Ere the silvery moon shall rise, be there
with lightning speed ! "
Ere the echoes die away they are ready
for the war,
And, like vultures in the air, scent the
battle from afar.
On Ben Nevis' rugged sides, and frowning
Lochnagar,
They heard the glorious news, to join the
mimic war ;
They threw on their Highland plaids, their
claymores buckled on,
And with loyal hearts and true they cross'd
the Rubicon.
Ere they left their native wilds, each
from his sporan drew
A wee, tiny, golden flask, full of pure
mountain dew ;
Each warrior fill'd his glass, and quaff'd
the fiery brew,
And aye the more they drank more valiant
they grew.
When they reach'd Royal Windsor towers
they took a " drappie mair,"

And, with flashing eyes, they swore to win
the maiden fair.
The Circassian and the Greek, Armenian
and Jew,
Like a bright flash of light, o'er the deep
blue ocean flew;
From the rising of the sun to where he
seeks repose,
The elfin warriors came, to fight for
England's Rose.
From cloud-capp'd, frowning mountains,
and from bright, sunny hills,
From deep, wild, rushing torrents, and
gentle flowing rills;
From caverns of the ocean, where lovely
mermaids dwell
In palaces of crystal, brighter than tongue
can tell.
They leave their fairy castles beneath the
surging waves,
Where jewels, bright with glory, illume
the grotto caves;
Bright amethysts and rubies hang from
the crystal towers,
And lamps of glowing diamonds gleam in
fairy bowers:
In deep primeval forests beneath the
surging sea,

Where mermaids and the fairies hold
courts of chivalry,
Pearls of purest lustre hang from the
pendant boughs,
Shimm'ring with light resplendent, on
lovers making vows.
For fairies are like mortals, and, like
young lovers, sigh,
And try to pop the question when no one
else is nigh ;
They lead the blushing fair one to some
sequester'd dell,
And hear what makes them happy, and no
one near to tell :
O'er hills and dales they gambol, or dance
on snowy foam,
Then dive beneath the ocean to their
bright, jewell'd home.
But from these scenes of splendour they
haste with lightning speed,
At the first magic sentence, "Remember
Runnymede!"
Stop not to ask the wherefore, their joy is
to obey,
At the first call of duty to join in the
tournay.

The Tournament.

Earl-marshals of renown mete out the ground with care,
And enclose, in ample bounds, a space of nine feet square ;
The silvery stakes they drive into the dewy ground,
And seven times, with golden chains, the listed field surround.
Tents and pavilions rise, bedecked in colours gay,
From which the lovely elves may behold the grand tournay :
They have come from every clime, from islands of the sea,
To view the doughty deeds of the knights of chivalry.
Flowers bloom, by royal command, of every tint and hue,
From Sharon's beauteous rose to the sweet violet blue.
The royal tent is rear'd 'neath sweet lilies of the vale,
O'er which they bend their heads, and with fragrance load the gale ;
Strains of martial music are wafted on the breeze,

And tread of armed warriors, among the forest trees.
They advance by tribes and nations, in war's dark, dread array,
And vow to win the maiden before the break of day.
Great potentates and princes—of high and low degree,
Salute the Queen of Beauty, and lowly bend the knee;
Each warrior is elate, and trusts his single arm
Will win the royal maid, each foeman soon disarm.
Some trust in battle-axe with which to win renown,
Some poise the quiv'ring lance—the airy thistle-down;
Some with the pond'rous spear rush onward to the fray,
Some trust in sword and shield, some launch the assagay.
When the clarion sounds the charge, closed is each burnished helm,
Ere the knights do onward rush, all foemen to o'erwhelm.
O, it is a glorious sight, those warriors to see,

Some mounted on a butterfly, and some
on humble-bee ;
How they feint, they charge, they turn,
adopt each strategy,
While their hearts with ardour burn to
gain the victory.
Bright casques and plumes are shorn, and
strew the dewy ground,
And shouts of loud defiance from fairy
throats resound ;
Rout and confusion reigns within the listed
field,
Some boldly dare the fight, some, like base
cravens, yield.
Brave warriors still advance, and marshal
on the plain,
While attendant squires remove the wound-
ded and the slain.
" St. George and Merrie England," in ac-
clamations rang,
When a tall Saxon warrior on his charger
sprang ;
He was more tall and princely than all his
bold compeers,
And the nation hail'd his advent with
three loud British cheers.
Nine noble Saxon princes attend St.
George's knight,

To succour him, if wounded, and 'neath
his banner fight;
With a look of lofty daring he knelt before
the Queen,
And swore to win the maiden, and home
of golden sheen.
Then, with his noble Saxons, rush'd on-
ward to the fray,
To fight for love and beauty, and the
honours of the day:
Encased in burnish'd armour, he rode a
coal-black steed,
On a huge antler'd beetle charged home
with lightning speed;
Down went Cretes and Persians before
his quiv'ring lance,
The bearded Turks and Russians, and
gallant sons of France.
Flash'd his mighty falchion beneath the
moon's pale light,
Prone lay Scotland's chieftains, though
heroes in the fight;
They fought like ancient Spartans, their
hearts were true and brave,
But to St. George's hero they render up
their glave.
The giant sons of Anak—a race well
known to fame,

Advanced with shouts exultant, the lovely
prize to claim ;
Mounted on fiery locusts, they charged on
to the fray,
Swearing by the gods of Ashdod, whole
hecatombs to slay.
But, like Gath's blatant boaster, who
scared the kingly Saul,
They meet the Saxon hero, and by his
prowess fall ;
Not by a stone from brooklet projected
from a sling,
But by his flashing falchion, which on their
hauberks ring :
Like the smooth tiny pebble, his sword
found entrance too,
And lo ! their mighty heroes the dewy
meads bestrew.
Their brazen cries of vengeance are turn'd
to doleful moan,
When they see their chosen fallen, and on
their faces prone.
The assembled host of Saxons made the
welkin ring,
Bards recite the hero's praises, troubadours
they sing.
The dusky sons of Afric, with shouts of
battle, came,

To win the Queen of Beauty, and gain
immortal fame ;
Mounted on furious scorpions, they charged
St. George's knight,
And gallantly they bore them, and nobly
did fight.
But soon the dusky warriors bestrew'd the
flow'ry mead,
And left alone their chieftain on his panting
steed.
Swearing to wreak dire vengeance, he
charged into the fray,
And launch'd against the Saxon his
quiv'ring assagay :
Through the still air it hurtled, and grazed
the hero's crest,
Then breast to breast they battled, and
to each other press'd ;
Across the plain they thunder'd, shouting
their battle cry,
Swearing, for love and beauty, to conquer
or to die.
Seven long spears they splinter'd, on
hauberk, targe, and helm,
Knightly was their bearing as they strove
each to o'erwhelm ;
Glorious was the conflict, and desperate
the fight,

Between the sable hero, and the Saxon knight.
On, on, thou princely heroes! On, on, thou gallant steeds,
The peerless Queen of nations beholds thy doughty deeds!
A galaxy of beauty looks on with flashing eyes,
To see such mighty champions contending for the prize!
Their swords gleam'd like meteors athwart the azure sky,
And from casque, shield and breastplate, the sparks in showers fly;
A mighty stroke descended upon the Saxon's steed,
Which shrove a noble antler from his lofty head:
With a cry of pain he bounded like a lion on his prey,
Or a wild bull, when baited, it turns round at bay;
Down went the sable warrior, down went his noble steed,
And o'er him stood the hero, of chivalry the meed.
"St. George! St. George of England!" across the welkin rang,

As, like a tiger couchant, he on his war-
steed sprang;
Spurring on to meet each foeman, he raised
his gauntled hand,
And dared the chiefs of nations to meet
him brand to brand.
From the serried ranks of England there
burst a British cheer,
And gleam'd, beneath the moonbeams, the
flash of sword and spear;
Then, raising his triple visor from his noble
brow,
He to the Queen of Beauty made obeisance
low.
The fiery sons of Erin next ranged the
battle-field,
Swearing loudly, by St. Patrick, to Saxon
not to yield;
Couching their quivering lances, they
charg'd into the fight,
Their battle cry "Green Erin! Down with
the Saxon's might!"
The hero of St. George's unsheathed his
scimitar,
Spurred on to meet the foemen while they
were yet afar;
Soon the brave trusty henchmen of the
great Celtic chief

Fell before the hero in an action bold and brief.
But glorious was the conflict, and desperate the fray,
Ere Erin's noble chieftain at his mercy lay;
His steed a mighty cockroach, right nobly bore him on,
Amid the shock of battle, of shriek and dying moan:
And when their spears were splinter'd on targe and burnished crest,
With battle-axe and sword-point they on each other press'd.
On, on, thou mighty warriors! On, thou gallant steeds!
The lovely Queen of Beauty beholds thy noble deeds!
Fight on, thou Celtic hero! Charge home, brave Saxon knight!
Maintain your ancient prestige, and prove your honour bright!
Their swords gleam'd like fiery comets athwart the deep blue sky,
As they closed in shock of battle, shouting their battle cry;
At last a mighty sword-stroke on the Celt's burnish'd helm,

Clove him downward to the shoulder, and
did him overwhelm :
Again shouts of joy and triumph from the
Saxons rang,
And flashing swords and falchions from
their scabbards sprang ;
The hero still rush'd onward, each foeman
to defy,
To fight for love and beauty, to conquer or
to die.
Llewellen, the Prince of Snowdon, advanced
with flashing eyes,
To slay the mighty Saxon, and gain the
lovely prize ;
With him came knights and squires, in
gallant, bright array,
To support their chieftain in the ensan-
guined fray :
Mounted on fiery hornets, they circled
round the ring,
The ladies waved their kerchiefs, the trou-
badours they sing.
The brave, the bold Llewellen, was the
noblest of his race,
And could his line unbroken to Time's
beginning trace ;
He could tell of Eden's garden, and of the
first of men,

Of the great flood of waters, which cover'd
hill and glen :
Of the rise and fall of nations, which have
long pass'd away,
Of their great power and grandeur, and
reasons of decay.
He led the ancient Britons against the
power of Rome,
When Cæsar led his legions to our sea-
girdled home ;
He fought like mighty hero, as only Britons
can,
Striking in the forefront, and aye leading
in the van.
And many a noble Roman fell beneath his
might,
As he retired fighting to Snowdon's rugged
height ;
Where he maintained his freedom 'gainst
the Norman power,
The noble Dane and Saxon—of chivalry
the flower.
And now this mighty hero, this knight
without a stain,
Has sworn to win the maiden, the peerless
beauty gain.
Mounted on noble Vespa, a steed well
known to fame,

Swift as a mountain torrent, and fiercest
of her name;
He bow'd his green-plumed helmet down
to the saddle-bow,
And, like a bolt from cross-bow, launch'd
forward on his foe:
The steeds they paw'd and snorted, shook
the dewdrops to the ground;
The knights, in loud defiance, made the
dewy meads resound.
Furious was the conflict, and desperate
the fray,
For they fought for love and beauty, and
the honours of the day:
Their blows fell thick as sparklets beneath
stout Vulcan's blows,
When the seven times heated metal on the
anvil glows;
Savage as hungry lions when tearing up
their prey,
They vow'd to win the maiden, or heca-
tombs to slay:
The Saxon's noble charger was of its antler
shorn,
With the flashing falchion by the Briton
borne.
Vespa was sorely wounded, she lost a leg
and wing,

And from her rear was stricken her sharp
and deadly sting;
The bright bands of gold were shriven from
her bleeding side,
Still gallantly she bore him, he gallantly
did ride.
So deadly was the conflict, each in his
saddle reel'd,
But at last the brave Llewellen fled o'er
the battle-field;
Thrice the listed field he circled, then
turned round at bay,
Fought again for love and beauty, and the
honours of the day.
Alas for brave Llewellen! alas for Snow-
don's knight!
He was cloven to the waist-belt, no more
that day to fight;
His ruddy gore commingled with a bright
drop of dew,
Which gave the lovely crystal a bright
ensanguin'd hue.
Knights and squires, advancing, laid him
on his brazen shield,
And in dolorous plight they bore him from
the listed field;
With solemn strains of music, bore him to
Snowdon's height,

And laid him on a moonbeam, hid from all
mortal sight:
But when the cock's shrill clarion shall
wake his feather'd train,
He will spring to life and beauty, to fight
for love again.
Meanwhile, the mighty Saxon ranged round
the battle-field,
And potentates and princes before his
prowess yield:
He fought for England's glory, and the
honour of his Queen,
And a sweet lovely maiden, with home of
golden sheen.
Countless spears he splintered—on breast-
plate, targe, and helm,
And many a noble hero his might did
overwhelm;
He fought mid countless foemen, but their
ranks soon melt away,
Like dewdrops in the morning when kiss'd
by sunny ray:
Warriors were strown around him, numer-
ous as autumn leaves,
When Boreas has been sporting amid the
forest trees.
The braves of every nation broke with him
a lance,

Felt his keen-edged falchion, or quail'd
beneath his glance :
No knight could stand against him, the
opposing ranks gave way,
And he was declared the victor, on that
glorious day.
Loud shouts of acclamation awoke the
dewy morn,
As, with proud step and bearing, the hero
did return :
The mighty prince and hero knelt lowly to
the Queen,
Unclasped his burnished visor, a smile from
her to glean;
A sweet, poetic halo circled her queenly
brow,
As the noble, princely Saxon made obeis-
ance low:
She waved her wand, and nations knelt
humbly at her feet,
And with loud shouts triumphant, her,
Queen of queens, they greet.
She sat on throne of gossamer, her footstool
a moonbeam,
Her crown, distilled from sunlight, shed
glory on the scene ;
A golden ray her sceptre, from the bright
morning star,

Gleamed like a watch-fire in the night, or
beacon from afar.
Her mantle, sweet Aurora, from the far
northern skies,
With colours of the rainbow, in ever-vary-
ing dyes ;
Necklace of orient pearls, sweet glory shed
around,
With beauty, chaste and lovely, illumed
the mystic ground :
Earrings of crystal dewdrops, from steep
Parnassus' hill,
Refined by fairy workmen with more than
mortal skill ;
Sandals of glowing sapphires peep'd 'neath
a robe of light,
The work of a mighty wizard, and an
elfin sprite.
A diamond clasp'd her mantle, pure as the
moon's pale beams,
Flashing in crystal fountains, or clear pel-
lucid streams ;
Ten thousand times more lovely than
England's Koh-i-noor,
Brighter far than diadem of Mogul, Russ,
or Moor.
The earth, the air, and ocean, marshall'd
their golden sheen,

With glory—pure, transcendent—around the Fairy Queen.

THE FAIRIES SURROUND THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM, AND SING.

"Bravest warrior, fairest maid,
"Your home shall be 'neath leafy shade,
"'Mong sweet flowers that never die; [hie.
"Haste, haste thee homeward, homeward

"Sweet violets shall be thy bed,
"With lilies waving o'er thy head;
"Haste, haste thee homeward, homeward
"To the flowers that never die. [hie,

"You shall have sweet babies three,
"To perfect thy felicity;
"Haste, haste thee homeward, homeward
"To the flowers that never die. [hie,

"A lovely page shall wait on thee,
"The ever active, busy bee;
"Haste, haste thee homeward, homeward
"To the flowers that never die. [hie,

"He will to thee sweet honey bring,
"In summer and in verdant spring;
"Haste, haste thee homeward, homeward
"To the flowers that never die. [hie,

"And he will fan thee with his wings,
"While a sweet lullaby he sings;
"Haste, haste thee homeward, homeward
"To the flowers that never die. [hie,

"Warrior, you shall nectar sip
"From thy bride's soft, sweet ruby lip;
"Haste, haste thee homeward, homeward
"To the flowers that never die. [hie,

"But only shall the Fairy Queen
"Behold thy bright, effulgent sheen;
"Haste, haste thee homeward, homeward
"To the flowers that never die." [hie,

Fair, sweet, lovely maiden, we must leave
the fairy glen,
Return to Royal Windsor, and busy haunts
of men.
Sol's bright, effulgent glory sinks in the
glowing west,
The birds, in leafy covert, seek their ac-
custom'd rest;
The bees have ceased their humming, the
bats begin to fly,
Dark shadows are advancing, the gloaming
it is nigh.

And we must hurry, maiden, we can no
longer stay,
The stars begin to twinkle, evanishes the
day;
And soon the owl's weird hootings will be
heard in the vale—
So we must haste, my dear one, and end
the Fairy Tale.

LOVE AND DUTY.

YOUNG and old should ponder deeply
On the mystery of life,
Be prepared to meet each foeman
In the battle and the strife.

Fighting manfully 'gainst evil,
As each day shall onward roll;
Doing deeds of love and kindness,
Which will elevate the soul.

Succouring the poor and lowly,
Make the sorrowful to smile;
Help the weary on their journey,
And the weak ones o'er the stile.

Pressing on, in cloud and sunshine,
'Neath the shadow of the Cross;
Thinking only of our duty—
Not of either gain or loss.

Pressing on to reach the God-like,
Whose sweet, gentle name is Love;
'Tis the highest of all virtues,
Attribute of Him above.

Love and duty, when commingled,
Are our passports to the skies,
Which will open wide the portal
To the courts of Paradise.

Onward in the path of duty,
With sweet love our guiding star,
And we'll conquer daily evils,
Or will view them from afar.

Onward—ever pressing onward
In the race in which we run;
Onward—never looking backward,
Till the final goal is won.

Onward—till we gain an entrance
To that happy home above:
Onward—till we see His glory,
The Eternal Fount of Love.

A LULLABY.

Sweet baby mine, on Christmas morn
The Christ, the King, the Lamb was born;
Hark! hark! the bells ring forth our joy
At love, sweet love, without alloy.

Sweet baby mine, the angels sing
"Hosannah to the new-born King!"
List! "Peace on earth, good will to men,"
The bells proclaim on hill and glen.

Sweet baby mine, on this great day
Our Lord within a manger lay;
An infant—lowly, meek, and mild:
A monarch—yet a little child.

Sleep, baby, sleep, now go to rest
In peace upon thy mother's breast;
The gentle Jesus, He is near
To keep thee, guard thee, comfort, cheer.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Almighty Father, be my stay
In joy and sorrow, night and day,
And help me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.

O let not pride my heart control,
Or find a lodgment in my soul;
But strength to say, when surges roll,
Thy will be done.

Help me, when anguish rings my brow,
And when the sands of life are low,
To say to Thee, who strikes the blow,
Thy will be done.

Immanuel, my Lord, my King,
Still to Thy cross help me to cling,
In health and sickness still to sing
Thy will be done.

Help me to walk in wisdom's way,
To trust in Thee from day to day,
And with my latest breath to say
Thy will be done.

THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

SWEET scenes of my childhood, I bid you farewell,
Each streamlet and mountain, green meadow and dell;
Soon I must wander on a far distant shore,
Where scenes of my childhood will greet me no more.

Farewell, silvery Tweed, in boyhood's sweet dream,
On thy braes I clamber'd, and bathed in thy stream;
And in bright, joyous youth, I lov'd oft to stray,
To muse on thy banks at the close of the day.

Farewell, my lov'd home, by the old ruin'd keep,
Where foemen and friends in oblivion sleep;
No more will I view, while my heart glow'd with pride,
The sweet, lovely scenes in the vale of Tweedside.

Each hedgerow and grove, and each clear, wimpling burn,
I bid you farewell, ne'er again to return;
O had I the wings, the swift wings of the dove,
Then soon I'd return to the home of my love.

Farewell, gentle maiden, thou gem of my heart,
Soon seas will divide us, the ocean us part;
Wherever I wander, wherever I roam,
I'll think of the maiden, the dear one at home.

In fancy I'll roam by the Tweed's rippling stream,
In silent night watches of thee I will dream;
Though seas shall us sunder, the ocean us part,
You'll still reign supreme as the gem of my heart.

My mother — dear mother — my father, adieu!
Soon, soon your dear forms will be lost to my view;

I leave you in sorrow, deep anguish, and pain,
No more will I hear your lov'd voices again.

O yes! I will hear you, and see you once more,
Where sorrow is banish'd, and partings are o'er;
When the last trump echoes, the last thunders peal,
I'll meet you again in the "Land o' the leal."

ON THE ALBERT INSTITUTE, WINDSOR, BEING FREED FROM DEBT.

HURRAH! hurrah! the debt is paid,
The Institute is free;
A cloud is lifted from our eyes,
Our hearts beat merrily.

'Tis free, and bears the hallow'd name
Of him who's pass'd away;
But, though he slumbers in the tomb,
We feel his loving sway.

His was a noble, lofty soul,
And knowledge gave it power;
It acted on his plastic mind
As sunshine on the flower.

He wished its vivifying beams
On rich and poor to shine;
To temper down their rugged hearts,
To purify, refine.

Hip, hip, hurrah! for those who stood
So nobly at the wheel;
When many left the sinking ship,
They still stuck to the keel.

They brought her through wild, stormy [waves,
Where winds adversely blow;
With perseverance at the helm,
They laid each foeman low.

They mann'd the yards, they mann'd the [shrouds,
With loyal men and true;
Then nail'd the colours to the mast,
The red, the white, the blue.

Soon men and maids, and matrons too,
Gave each their time and skill;
But to recount their loving deeds
Would many pages fill.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the debt is paid,
The Institute is free ;
A British cheer for all who help'd,
A hearty three times three.

MAIDEN MINE.

Maiden mine, sweet, gentle maiden,
Thou art all the world to me ;
Sweeter than the breath of morning
Wafted o'er a flow'ry lea.

Thy damask cheeks excel in beauty
The apple or the peach's bloom,
And thy smile is bright as sunshine
Bursting from a sky of gloom.

Beautiful, surpassing lovely,
In thy form is grace refined ;
But the beauty which enthrals me
Is thy purity of mind.

MY MARY.

My Mary is, of womankind,
The best and sweetest, to my mind;
Her cheeks are like the damask rose,
Or the bright tints at ev'ning close.

Her face it beams with love divine,
The Graces three in her combine,
With fairy step and sylphlike form,
As if she were a goddess born.

Her voice is sweet as zephyrs' breeze
When whispering among the trees;
And her soft lips, of roseate hue,
Are sweeter than the honey dew.

Her eyes are of deep, laughing blue,
Aye speaking love, sincere and true;
Her rippling laugh, angelic smile,
From sorrow doth the heart beguile.

Graceful and gentle as the fawn
When bounding o'er the dewy lawn;
While her white hands and tiny feet
Are all in due proportion mete.

Beneath her light, elastic tread
The daisy only bends its head;
Ere she has time to pass it by
Its petals point toward the sky.

Her breast is like the snowy dove,
The seat of purity and love;
But the sweetest charm is her mind,
So gentle, modest and refined.

TO A LADY.

When your beauteous form first burst on my view,
My heart and my soul were enchanted with you;
I thought you a vision of heavenly birth,
That no mortal so lovely could dwell on the earth.

Your step is majestic, and regal your brow,
For pride or black envy your heart does not know;
Your smile it is sweet as the first breath of morn,
And comforts the weary, the sad and forlorn.

May the bark which bears you o'er life's troubled wave
Be guided by Him who is able to save,
And land you at last on that bright, happy shore,
Where sorrow is banished, and partings are o'er.

MY AIN WIFE.

Osborne, I. of Wight.

My ain darling wife, O how happy I'll be
When homeward I hie, o'er the deep surging sea;
In sunshine and shadow, in rain and in snow,
Thy love it doth cheer me wherever I go.

Here all is peaceful, sweetest calm and serene,
In the home of the Empress, our gracious Queen;
'Tis a beauteous spot, where angels might dwell,
A bright Eden on earth, with wood and with dell.

In this lovely retreat the Queen doth reside
When tired of the world, its vain pomp and its pride;
May God grant her grace, a sweet spirit of love,
To prepare for the Crown that awaits her above.

My ain loving wife, you are dearer to me
Than the riches of earth, the air, and the sea;
Without your dear presence all other things seem
A phantom, a shadow, the shade of a dream.

When Sol, with his beams, has descended to night,
And the pale silvery moon diffuseth her light,
I love then to wander, and think of the bride
I led to the altar by Thames' winding side.

In Upton old church, 'neath its green mantl'd tower,
I gave you my hand, with my heart as my dower;
And promised to love you in weal and in woe,
In sickness or health, until death lays me low.

Many seasons have gone since I led you forth
From that ancient pile, with its low Norman porch;

And each rolling season has brought to my view
Sweet virtues and joys, ever-pleasing and new.

Oh! I pity the man who ne'er had a wife,
He has lost the chief joy and solace of life;
While scraping and scheming, and hoarding vile pelf,
He forgets the main thing, and that is—himself.

For, when Time was young, God unfolded a plan,
He planted a garden, and in it placed man,
To see, feel, and taste of the pleasures of life;
And to make him quite happy, He gave him a wife.

Who can conceive Adam's joy and delight
When Eve's fair, lovely form first dawn'd on his sight;
He deem'd her a vision, an angel of light,
Who had come to dispel the darkness of night.

He found gentle Eve in Eden's green bowers,
Transcendent in beauty, like nature's sweet flowers;
And the floral scene was enchanting to view,
So varied its tints and resplendent its hue.

But the sweetest flower—the fairest and best,
Was Eve, gentle Eve, in innocence drest;
Man soon felt her pow'r, as he knelt at love's shrine;
He knew she was human, but he thought her divine.

My ain dearest wife, I now bid you adieu,
I've unfolded my heart, which beats only for you;
Like the dove which soar'd back to the Ark for rest,
I long to return, for with thee I am blest.

ELIZA.

You wish me, Eliza, to write you a song,
Which must not be either dull, prosy, or long;
So I'll try to comply with what you desire,
And invoke the sweet muse my soul to inspire.
I'll search the blue ocean, the earth, and the air,
For all that is beauteous, precious, and rare;
Will revel in dreamland, where fancy doth roam,
And seek for bright pearls 'neath the white surging foam.
My mind will soar forth from its frail house of clay,
And rove 'mid bright realms of celestial day,
Discarding the trammels of time and of space,
Creation to view, and its wonders to trace.
In my course I'll leave the fork'd lightning behind,
As I journey through space on the wings of the mind;

And cull the sweet flowers that come to my view,
As a token of love to present unto you.
I will not remain with the pale Queen of Night,
For faint are her beams, and borrow'd her light;
I'll glance at the comets, as upwards I fly
To bright worlds unseen in the depths of the sky.
I'll stay for a while with the bright God of Day,
His glory to see, and his wonders display;
And will search o'er that orb for gems bright and rare
For my sweet Eliza to weave in her hair.
I'll soar far beyond the bright iufluence of Sol,
And new worlds of beauty my mind will unrol;
I will visit each system, planet, and star,
To weave you a garland to bring from afar.
On fancy's sweet wings I will reach that array,
Which we mortals on earth call the Milky Way;
View system on systems, more glorious and grand

Than the mind can conceive, or soul understand.
They cluster around, like the seed in a field
The sower has sown, a rich harvest to yield;
And numerous as leaves which the autumn has strown,
Or a verdant meadow with daisies o'ergrown.
They shine with effulgence, above and below,
Their glory around makes the heavens to glow;
I'll scan their glories with the eye of the mind,
View all that is lovely — the pure and refined.
'Mid those worlds and systems with joy I will roam
For gems bright and rare for my dear one at home;
And when I have found more than my mind can tell,
To earth I will haste, with Eliza to dwell.
But, if more she requires, still onward I'll fly,
Till creation itself shall fade from mine eye,

Soaring through ether of empyrean hue,
For all that is lovely, and all that is new.

Eliza, fair maiden, I own it was wrong
To promise to write or compose you a song;
But you knew I was willing, and could not refuse
To attempt the steep hill where dwell the sweet muse.
My mind was elate, and I started with joy
To cull you a poesy that never would cloy;
I gained bright Parnassus, and gazed with delight
On the goddess of muse who sat on the height.
I gazed with delight, and I'm gazing there still,
But, alas! I'm no nearer the top of the hill;
I took a few steps, but soon downward I fell,
And a sad tale of grief to you I could tell.
But *all* was not grief, for the goddess she smil'd,
And spoke in soft accents—sweet, gentle, and mild:
She said—"Persevere: a bright prize you may win,

"Though the temple of Fame you will
ne'er enter in;
"For the place where I dwell is rugged and
steep,
"And the muse must soar high such hon-
ours to reap:
"A Milton, a Shakespeare, a Burns, have
been here,
"Who tasted my sweets, so precious and
rare.
"But although you must stand at a dis-
tance, and gaze,
"You shall sing of thy love in sweet rustic
lays;
"'Twill ennoble your thoughts, will raise
and refine,
"And give you a glimpse of the glorious
divine."
Her voice and sweet smile were so pleasing
to me,
Though she said her glory I never would see,
But gaze at a distance on her lovely face,
And in faintest outline her beauty there
trace.
But I fear you will think me dull, prosy,
and long,
So I'll finish my prologue, and start with
my song.

O she is charming, young, and fair,
With sparkling eyes and auburn hair;
Sweetest of maidens, I declare,
My love, Eliza.

Of all the maidens I have seen
In palace, or on village green,
Best, sweetest, loveliest, I ween,
Is my Eliza.

It is a lovely sight to see
Her dancing on the grassy lea,
Graceful as roe, or fawn, is she,
Sweet, sweet Eliza.

And when I scan her gentle mind,
There, sweetest purity I find;
All that is lovely is defined
In my Eliza.

And as I gaze upon her face,
There, sweetest innocence I trace;
No evil passions e'er deface
Lovely Eliza.

Her praises I will ever sing
When poesy sweet unfolds her wing,
And purest incense I will bring
Dearest Eliza.

I'll sing of her on flood and fell,
On mountain, meadow, rock and dell,
Trilling like sweetest Philomel,
Darling Eliza.

May angels be her stay and guide
By night and day, whate'er betide,
And may they evermore abide
With my Eliza.

But now I think I'll end my song,
Lest my dear one should find it long;
And not for worlds would I so wrong
My own Eliza.

And yet I'm loth to leave the maid,
There is so much still left unsaid;
But to offend, I am afraid,
The fair Eliza.

So now, sweet maiden, fare thee well,
May peace and plenty with thee dwell;
I love you more than I can tell,
Good-bye, Eliza.

MARY.

[A Fragmentary Poem.]

You wish me, dearest Mary, to compose a loving song,
To think of on your birthday, as the seasons roll along;
I will write to you, my dear one, in a discursive way,
Telling you my thoughts and fancies, as o'er my soul they stray.
But, pray judge not my effusions by elegance of style,
Nor purity of diction, which *might* be a mask for guile;
For the spirit which pervades them, if pure, it will arise,
And shed a gentle halo o'er the path to Paradise.
Each mind, however lowly, can in its own humble way,
Shed some light upon the pathway which leads to endless day;
The starting-points are legion—all converging into one,
Whose eternal goal is Jesus, the High and Holy One.

If my mind could grasp creation, shake
the world with my nod,
If nations bow'd before me, and proclaim'd
me as a god;
If potentates and princes, kneeling humbly
at my feet,
Laid down their precious treasures as an
offering meet:
If I led forth mighty armies to conquer,
ravage, kill,
I would still be a frail mortal, and depen-
dent on God's will.
Sometimes our hearts are cheery 'neath
the sunshine of the hour,
Sometimes they're sad and weary, when
dark clouds begin to lower;
When something we have wish'd for, set
our hearts on as a prize,
Has, like a vision, vanish'd from our sad,
longing eyes.
Then all the world seems dreary, when the
angel "Hope" has flown,
For, to ponder o'er our troubles, the heart,
alas! is prone;
But there is a silv'ry lining within the
darkest sky,
And we find, when hope is waning, the
goal is sometimes nigh.

Let Hope illume the future, and improve
each passing hour;
Walk in the paths of virtue, and joy will
be your dower.
If we would be truly happy, enjoy life's
little day,
We must shed abroad bright sunshine o'er
the path in which we stray:
Comfort those who are in sorrow, wherever
it is found—
The widow, when despairing, and the
beggar on his round.
If duty is your standpoint, and sweet love
your guiding star,
You will conquer daily evils, or will view
them from afar.
Aye speak the truth with boldness, do not
fear the world's frown,
For a conscience pure and guileless is a
bright, jewell'd crown;
Whatever is your station—be it high, or be
it low,
Let love rule all your actions, and your
heart with joy will glow:
Nurture a kindly spirit, it sheds happiness
around,
And adds sweet grace and beauty where
its virtues most abound;

Speak gentle words of kindness to the
beggar at the door,
He may be truly noble, though he's indi-
gent and poor.

Of all God's works of beauty, the loveliest,
to my mind,
Is a young, gentle maiden, who is modest
and refined:
She's nearest to perfection, next the angels
in degree,
True grace in all her actions, with the
sweetest purity.
And in the daily struggle, in the turmoil
and the strife,
She is still a sweet, sweet angel, as a gentle,
loving wife;
And when children gather round her, danc-
ing in joyous glee,
She is their guardian angel, as they prattle
at her knee.
Still, as the years roll onward, and the joys
of youth have flown,
She's nearing to the angels round the rain-
bow-circled throne;
And when cold death has touch'd her, her
soul will hie away

To join a choir of angels, in bright, everlasting day.
So, Mary, there is comfort for the young and for the old,
If we keep the narrow pathway where the pearly gates unfold;
Youth is the time, my dear one, when the heart is full of joy,
To choose the priceless jewel, the pure gold without alloy.
Keep in the path of virtue, hold it ever in your view,
The casket, if once tarnish'd, you can never more renew:
The silver, when it's sullied, may be polished oft again,
But it's pure, pristine beauty it will never more regain;
And they who, in life's journey, stray away from virtue's road,
Will never see the glory of a gentle, loving God.

God is love, and all His works proclaim He is Divine;
He makes the gentle dew to fall, the summer sun to shine.

He opens wide each tiny flower which
scents the ev'ning gale,
Imprints some with a carmine hue, and
some, like lily, pale:
Some rear aloft their lovely heads, and
court the noontide glare;
Some lowly hide 'neath leafy shade, and
bloom in beauty there.
Some love the lonely, darksome wood, be-
neath the giant trees,
And open when the twinkling stars shine
on the dewy leas.
They're found in wild, weird Alpine peaks,
and 'neath the snowy foam;
Some from each hedgerow peepeth forth,
to cheer our hearts at home.
They bloom amid the arctic snow, and
'neath the torrid zone,—
And all proclaim that God is love, om-
niscient alone.

I love to muse and ponder 'neath the moon's
pale, silv'ry beams,
Indulging in quaint fancies, and in sweet,
poetic dreams;
Conjuring up bright visions, building castles
in the air,

To see them floating by me, like the web
of gossamer:
Evolving forms of beauty by the ever-teeming brain,
And, from the dust of ages, reproducing
them again;
Like a moving panorama with ever-changing scene,
Sporting 'mid realms of beauty, though to
mortal eyes unseen.
The muse is dear, my Mary, to the poet's
pensive mind,
He treads a path untrodden by the rest of
humankind;
He soars beyond the finite, the trammels
of time and space,
And grasps at the ethereal, infinity to
trace:
Roves with joy 'mongst worlds and systems (upon sweet poesy's wing),
And, enraptured, hears their praises to the
Eternal King,
Who guides them in their orbits, and leads
them in the way,
'Mid pure empyrean ether, and everlasting
day;
Through space beyond conception, or the
mind of man to scan,

Beyond the grasp of angels, and which only One can span.
Down the deep abyss of ages the dreamer loves to roam,
To peer into the future, gaze on our eternal home;
He beholds One rob'd in glory, oh! beautiful and fair;
He beholds, in deep, dread Hades, the blackness of despair:
Beholds the redeem'd in Jesus enter bright Paradise,
The damn'd to hell descending, who did once the Christ despise.
He hears loud hallelujahs round the rainbow-circled throne,
And, ascending from perdition, one loud, eternal moan;
Commingling with heav'nly anthems, sweet songs of joy and praise,
Are anguish and deep wailing, which the damn'd for ever raise,
As they gaze, with hopeless longing, on heaven's bright abode,
The never-ending glory of the ransom'd sons of God.

These thoughts of light and shadow came
unbidden to my mind,
From the deep, untrodden future, the dark
and undefined;
That there is, beyond, an endless, our aspi-
rations tell—
A home of joy and gladness, and a place
where devils dwell.

When the sweet queen of poesy deigns to
stir my sluggish brain,
She wakes my soul to gladness with her
gentle, loving strain;
I sometimes feel her presence, like a pure,
sweet, pleasing dream,
But her stay is evanescent, like snowflake
in sunny beam:
I feel her soothing power stealing o'er my
troubled soul,
And, though my heart is weary, she aye
makes my spirit whole;
She's like your own dear mother, who so
gently cool'd my head
When wan disease had laid me pale and
helpless on my bed.
I sometimes have sweet glimpses of the
glorious divine,

And I gaze with joy ecstatic, and try to make her mine ;
But, alas ! her stay is fleeting, transient as a dream,
A radiancy of glory, a flash, a passing gleam.
Yet the halo of her presence she always leaves behind,
A "something" so ethereal, it cannot be defined ;
As if a guardian angel was very, very near,
Instilling consolation, whispering sweet words of cheer :
Pointing, with gentle kindness, to the bright, heavenly road,
The goal of which is Jesus — Jehovah, Saviour, God.
O shade of glorious Milton, of poets most divine,
Cast thy great mantle o'er me, let me in sweet poesy shine !
I'll burn the sweetest incense, pure and bright shall be its flame ;
Ne'er will desecrate thine altars, nor make thee blush with shame.
I've roved in fields Elysian, 'mong sweet heav'nly flowers,

To please my Mary's fancy, and amuse her
leisure hours;
Transcendent was their beauty, sweet and
lovely, too, each hue,
But, ere I clasp'd the flowers, they aye
faded from my view.
I heard sweet voices singing a soft melo-
dious strain,
As if a choir of angels sung of love the
sweet refrain.
I hear them in the gloaming, in the twi-
light's silent hours,
Sporting amid the spraylets, and singing to
the flowers;
Floating, in gentle zephyrs, on the soft,
sweet, balmy breeze,
And in low, dying cadence, murmuring
among the trees.
I hear them in my day-dreams, in the
silence of the night,
Whispering "Ever onward! do not dally
in the fight":
Aye singing, sweetly singing, 'mid the rush-
ing, circling spheres,
Not ceasing in their music in the cycle of
the years.
I see the Omnipresent in the sweet, tiny
flower,

In the deep rolling thunder, and in the gentle shower ;
In the clear crystal dewdrop, and the angry ocean's roar,
In the green, verdant meadow, and the barren desert shore :
In hoary, cloud-capp'd mountains, in the sweet flow'ry dell,
In wild, erratic comets, in the forest, flood and fell ;
In the expanding blossom, lending fragrance to the breeze,
In calm and hurricanoes, in the quiv'ring of the trees.
The countless worlds and systems, in illimitable space,
Are all guided by His counsels in their swift, lightning race ;
And they swerve not in their orbits, nor deviate a line,
For the Hand that made them is great, glorious, and divine.
Creation's voice is singing on each mountain, hill, and plain,
Showing, in worlds and atoms, there is nothing made in vain ;
God's Spirit is around us—in the ocean, earth, and air,

The lightning and the thunder, His omniscience declare:
He rides upon the whirlwind, and He whispers in the calm,
Gives sweet rest unto the weary, and to the wounded balm.
The deep, mysterious ocean is troubled at His breath,
He makes the stormy billows sweep the mariners to death;
When He wills, the pestilence is loosen'd on its prey,
And War's dread hell-hounds, commissioned, their fellow-men do slay.
When His wrath divine is kindled, outpours the liquid fire,
Spreading wide desolation, death and destruction dire;
On flows the fiery lava o'er the cities of the plain,
To remain to distant ages ere disentomb'd again.
At His dread voice the valleys and the mountains disappear,
The earth's foundations quiver, and the nations shake with fear;
The deep, mighty ocean is in the hollow of His hand,

The hills bow down before Him, and obey
His high command.
He is great and glorious, omniscient His
power,
He gives us food and raiment, the sunshine
and the shower;
He makes the balmy winds to blow, sends
the sweet breath of morn,
Gives comfort to the weary heart, and joy
to the forlorn.
He sends the snow in winter, and the soft,
sweet, summer rain;
He clothes the hills in verdure, and He
beautifies the plain:
The seasons all obey Him, He bids winter
melt away,
And the seeds that lay embosom'd spring
to a brighter day.
They burst their bands asunder, at the
approach of spring,
And, though mute, they are not silent;
sweet melody they sing
To the Divine Creator, Who gave the
quick'ning power
To spring from out the cold earth at the
appointed hour.
He bids the shoots spring upward through
the cold, watery clod,

As a true symbol of the rising of the sons
of God;
In spring, in summer, autumn, and in cold
winter's sway,
The same wise, benign Creator is seen from
day to day.
I now gaze with joy around me on fields
of golden grain,
Which, in faith, was sown at springtide
upon the fallow plain.
God breathes upon the flowerets, they open
to the breeze,
While the giant oak rejoices, and all the
forest trees;
A new life pervades them, as they drink
the springtide showers,
Soon all around is beauty, a Paradise of
flowers:
The great Omniscient Artist imprints each
tint and hue,
Bids them to breathe sweet odours, though
invisible to view;
To expand in forms of beauty beneath the
glowing sun,
And fill our hearts with gladness until their
sweet duty's done.
He dwells within the flowerets, so beautiful
and fair,

The glorious constellations shine by His
presence there;
The sun's bright orb is lighted, and doth
by His presence shine,
The planets sing in chorus, and they own
He is Divine.
In their swift concentric motions they bow
to His control;
He doth guide alike the insect, and the
immortal soul.
The wide universe adores Him, the radi-
diant orb of day,
The bright galaxy of glory within the milky
way ;
The angels veil their faces in presence of
the King,
And shall man dare to deny Him, and not
His praises sing ?
'Tis He Who sends the brooklets meander-
ing to the sea,
Dashing, splashing, ever flashing, so full of
life and glee;
Bubbling gaily o'er the pebbles, to be lost
within the main.
No, *not* lost, again we'll see them, in the
gentle dew and rain,
Which will wake the lovely flowerets on
each returning spring,

And in summer, when they're thirsty, make
them with joy to sing.
Oh, yes! we'll see the brooklets, which we
saw long ago,
Floating hither, wafted thither, as the winds
may list to blow;
We see them in the tiny cloudlets floating
in the air,
And, as snowflakes, falling round us—pure,
beautiful, and fair.
Sometimes in dark, frowning masses they
glide athwart the sky,
Bearing the loud-mouthed thunder, where
the lightnings hidden lie;
Even the mighty ocean has been vapour in
the air,
Sparkled in crystal fountains, and, as dew-
drops, everywhere.
There are wond'rous transformations in
ocean, earth and sky;
To-day a pond'rous substance may as gas
to-morrow fly:
O 'tis a wond'rous story, that the waters
of the earth
Are aeriform bodies, and gaseous in their
birth.
It is stranger far than fiction, or myth, or
fairy tale,

And the highest flights of fancy before the truth must pale.
In the microscopic kingdom, unfolded to our view,
We see there life and motion, ever changing, ever new;
In a single drop of water, there meets our ravished eyes
Such strange wonders of creation as fill us with surprise.
But all God's works are glorious, and nothing's made in vain:
Ev'n sin it was permitted that the Saviour might be slain.

When I commenced this letter I was 'neath Osborne's Towers,
But now I am at Windsor, in this happy home of ours;
I've sauntered to the woodlands, through green fields and shady lane,
But homeward I must hasten, ere down-pours the drenching rain.
A storm is now advancing—dark, electric clouds are nigh,
The birds have ceased their singing, man and beast for shelter hie;

Nature herself seems weeping, as if full of fear and gloom,
Lest the first peal of thunder should proclaim the day of doom.
And, ere I gain a haven, lurid lightnings flash around,
Deep awe is o'er me stealing, as the thunder doth resound,
As I listen to its rolling, hear its dread, awful voice ;
When lightnings flash around me, I fear, tremble, and rejoice.
I feel that God is near me, and is speaking to my soul
To be prepared to meet Him when His last thunders roll :
When the recording angel will point out each blot within
If not wash'd by blood of Jesus from impurity and sin.
How happy for us, Mary, if our names are there enroll'd ;
Then hear the Judge supernal bid the pearly gates unfold,
And say " Ye blessèd, enter those heavenly gates within,
" The blood that flowed on Calvary has wash'd away all sin."

And, if we meet the dear ones whom on
earth we loved so well,
Our bliss will then be boundless, beyond
our tongues to tell.
The very thought, my dear one, is sweet
unction to the soul,
May God in mercy keep us till His last
dread thunders roll.
Our lives are evanescent as the ephemera
fly,
To-day, in life and beauty, may in death
to-morrow lie.
Death stalks abroad in sunshine, and in
the dark, weirdsome hours,
Gathering all the sear leaves, and oft sweet,
lovely flowers :
Youth, budding into manhood, falls by his
deadly arrow,
Beauty's cheek is pallid ere the advent of
the morrow.
The infant, as it nestles at its dear fond
mother's breast,
Is touched by Death's cold hand, and,
behold ! it is at rest.
A youth and sweet lovely maiden are
sitting side by side,
And the maiden she has promised to
become his bride ;

As they gaze down Time's vista, all assumes
a roseate hue,
No thought of death or sorrow is presented
to their view.
The swift tide of time keeps rolling (with
us it will not stay),
And the maiden's at the altar in her bridal
array :
The white-robed priest is waiting to unite
two hearts in one,
To send them off rejoicing ere the setting
of the sun.
The bridegroom, too, is longing to his heart
to clasp his bride,
But Death has first embraced her, and with
him she must abide.
The preacher ascends the pulpit, opens the
sacred page,
Selects a verse or portion 'gainst the powers
of hell to wage ;
With eloquence and fervour he expounds
the Word of God,
Points out the path of duty, and the narrow,
heav'nly road :
Descants upon creation of insect, fruit, and
flower,
Of countless worlds and systems, infinity
of power.

He speaks of love and mercy, of sins to be forgiven,
Tells of the Cross of Calvary, and a home in heaven :
Discourses on death and judgment, warns all to be prepared,
He staggers, falls, is silent, and no more his voice is heard !

When the dark-soul'd Atheist stands on the storm-toss'd ocean's shore,
Will he still say that God is not ? Nor his spirit upward soar
When the lurid lightnings flash, rending the giant oak asunder ;
When the voice of God is heard in the awe-inspiring thunder :
Or when the stormy winds are hush'd, and no ripples move the wave,
Which, in majesty, rolls in, and his feet and pebbles lave.
When deep silence reigns around, save the low moaning of the sea,
Which, like a giant strongly bound, struggles and longs to be free ;
But, lo ! the fiat has gone forth, which hath said " No further go,"

And, until God gives the word, it can ne'er
its bounds o'erflow.
Vain doubter, cast thine eyes above to the
star-bespangled sky,
And, behold, in radiance there, the veil'd
face of Deity :
Let your imagination soar far beyond the
realms of day,
Still other glories you will see, which the
Creator's hand display.
Yet soaring onward in the depths of the
never-ending sky,
Still beyond, in realms of space, bright
worlds and systems you'll descry ;
Speed on thy course through the abyss of
the deep, ethereal blue,
And constellations beyond thought will still
meet thy ravish'd view.
Yea, let the mind in fancy roam until all
numbers you exhaust,
And on the confines of the sky you will
only be at last.
Could blind chance those worlds create,
and their vast airy orbits trace,
And launch them onward in their course
through illimitable space ?
Did they spring from the abyss of chaos of
their own accord,

Or by the Omniscient word of the Everlasting Lord?
Sceptic, if you can create a tiny insect on the wing,
Or the flow'ret at thy feet, thy praises I will ever sing:
When I see the lovely insect moulded 'neath thy plastic hand,
Indued by thee with light and motion, soar away at thy command;
When I see thee form the insect from the cold inated clay,
Breathing odours sweet and lovely as the sweetest thorny may:
When I see the tiny flow'ret turn its petals to the sun,
And the insect soaring upward, I will own thy duty's done.
When thy *simple* task is finish'd, then no other god I'll own,
But, kneeling humbly at thy feet, worship thee, and thee alone!

In fancy I have wandered over mountain, hill, and dale,
In search of something lovely to adorn my simple tale;

And pure has been the pleasure, as I cull'd
each tiny spray,
Which, with joy, I now present you upon
thy natal day.
May you, on its perusal, in your heart its
truths enshrine,
May you rest on the Eternal, trust only the
Divine :
May the King of Kings be with you, and
be thy help and stay,
Be thine in joy and sorrow, be still thine
by night and day.
Here, all is change and motion, everywhere
we see decay ;
Beyond, is life immortal, and bright, ever-
lasting day.
Here, death reigns alone triumphant upon
this finite shore ;
There, all is joy and gladness, where all
partings will be o'er.
Here, is only your probation for a brighter,
better world ;
There, the glory of the future to your eyes
will be unfurl'd,
Where you'll see the King, the Father, the
High and Holy One,
And, co-equal, co-eternal, His well-belovèd
Son.

But now, I think, my dear one, it is time
to say adieu,
I find my letter lengthy, as its pages I
review;
I'll leave you on life's journing, with
Omniscience as thy guide,
Trusting in God's love and mercy, whatever
may betide.
Be a woman, dearest Mary, of the best,
truest kind,
Improve thy sweetest graces, the sweet
beauty of the mind:
May no foul thief e'er rob thee of a
maiden's sweetest charms,
The Prince of Peace aye keep thee in His
gentle, loving arms,
Till the silver cord is loosen'd, the storms
of life are o'er;
Then take you in His bosom to a bright,
better shore,
To await the final judgment, when the
mortal, purified,
Will arise to meet thy spirit, by the Christ
glorified.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, dearest, I must leave you,
Here I can no longer stay ;
I am passing from the finite
To a bright, eternal day.

Soon, in death, I'll close mine eyelids,
Never more to open here ;
Never more behold my darling,
Nor thy gentle voice will hear.

In the springtide of young manhood,
Life to me seem'd very fair,
When I pictured, in the future,
A bright home with you to share.

But the blissful dream has vanish'd,
Burst like bubbles in the air ;
And my soul is sometimes verging
On the confines of despair.

For you were my own sweet darling,
Very, very, very dear ;
And to part from you so early
Seems too hard for me to bear.

But beyond, in heav'nly mansions,
On a brighter, better shore,
I will meet my earthly treasure,
Never, never to part more.

There we'll reign o'er death triumphant,
There no tears will dim our eyes;
There we'll, through eternal ages,
To a purer glory rise.

In that home to which I'm hasting,
There is not eternal rest,
But progression, ever onward,
In the mansions of the blest.

Each redeem'd one has a mission,
Working still the Father's will;
There is not, in earth or heaven,
Such a thing as standing still.

I have long'd to call my dear one
By the hallow'd name of wife,
But the hand of death is on me,
And fast ebbs the sands of life.

Soon the cold, dark grave will hide me
From thy tender, loving eye;
But you'll think of me, my dearest,
Sometimes heave for me a sigh.

Place the bright green turf above me,
But no tablet at my head ;
Plant the lowly, humble gowan,
The sweet daisy tipp'd wi' red.

When your heart is sad and weary,
And your soul is sore opprest,
Come to Him, the Man of Sorrows ;
He will give you joy and rest.

Kneel upon the lovely flowerets
On the bed in which I lie,
And my spirit will be near thee,
Hear thy gentle, loving cry.

Yet a last, fond kiss, my darling,
I am cold, my eyes are dim ;
But, O joy ! the portal opens,
Which will usher me to Him.

Which will usher me to Jesus,
To the glory of the Lamb ;
To the One Eternal Father,
The Ineffable I Am.

TO ANNIE.

The year has swiftly passed away,
And brought again thy natal day;
I wish you joy on its return,
May blessings sweet with thee sojourn.

To-day, my darling, you are eight;
O come to Jesus, do not wait:
He will take you in His arms,
And shield you from all dread alarms.

On this bright day and happy hour,
Come to Him, my sweetest flower,
And he will teach you how to pray,
And lead you in the narrow way.

In the bright kingdom of His love,
A home's prepared for you above;
And He says to such as thee,
"My little children, come to me."

O come to Him in youthful hour,
Ere dark clouds begin to lower;
O come to Him while hope is high:
Come, come to Him e'er death draws nigh.

O come at once, my Annie, dear,
Pray do not wait another year ;
Cold death may claim you for his prey :
O come to Him, make no delay.

Kneel, kneel to Him at rising sun,
And kneel to Him when day is done ;
Kneel, kneel to Him, in grief and joy,
Sweet peace He'll give, without alloy.

Tell Him you are a little child,
So very wilful, weak, and wild ;
Ask Him to teach you how to pray,
And not to leave you night or day.

Tell Him your heart is very prone
To wander from Him when alone ;
In Church or school, at home or play,
Ask Him to be your Guide and Stay.

Say, " Jesus, merciful and mild,
" Take pity on Thy sinful child ;
" O fill my heart with love of Thee,
" And be Thou ever near to me.

" Feed me each day with heav'nly food,
" And cleanse me in Thy precious blood ;
" Send down Thy Spirit from above,
" And clothe my soul with Thy sweet love.

"Send Thy Grace, with gentle power,
"Into my heart each day and hour,
"That I may love Thee all my days,
"Each night and morn may sing Thy praise.

"My father and my mother dear—
"Make me their joy and comfort here;
"And when, in death, You close their eyes,
"Be Thou their Guide to Paradise.

"My brothers and my sisters too,
"Incline their hearts to come to You,
"That we may stand at Thy right Hand,
"A happy and united band."

ON RAISING A SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE WIDOW OF A DECEASED FELLOW-SERVANT, March 2nd, 1883.

My brithers a' and sisters dear,
I've ken'd ye weel for monie a year,
And af your weelfare I now spier
Wi' anxious heart:
Tho' nae doot you will me cheer
Afore we part.

I muckle fear that you're no' weel,
Sae I maun a' your pulses feel,
And, if I can, I'll bleed you weel—
It is my craft:
Tho' some may say, the cannie chiel
Is a bit daft.

Your blood is now at fever heat,
'Tis nine times twal' by Fahrenheit;
But, if I can, the deil I'll cheat,
Sae hand my fee:
Then you may a' baith drink and eat
Wi' gust and glee.

A saxpence here, a shilling there,
Frae ilka lad and lassie fair;
But if you don't, I solemn swear,
You'll hae a pill:
'Twill mak' you grane for monie a year,
And howl your fill.

But ilka lad is unco kind,
The lassies a' are, to my mind,
Sae bonnie, sonsie, and refined
In form and face:
A kindly heart I see defined
In ilka grace.

The bonniest sight o' a', to me,
Is a young lassie's tearfu' ee,
Beaming wi' purest sympathy
Free frae a' guile:
At sic a sight I seem to see
The angels smile.

The highest, best, the purest joy,
And ane that canna, winna cloy,
The purest thoughts, without alloy,
Bearing sweet seed,
Is when we gie the widow joy
In time o' need.

And now I ask your aid to dry
A puir auld body's dimming eye,
To gie her comfort ere she lie
'Neath the cauld sod,
And hear her say, wi' her last sigh,
"O bless them, God."

And if ilk ane gie half-a-croon,
Wi' joy I'll coost my een aboon,
Then aff I'll thraw my clouted shoon,
And dance a jig,
Then snap my fingers at the moon,
I'll feel sae big.

But if you should cock up your nose,
Hint this is neither verse nor prose,
Or, that I hae o' Athol brose
Ta'en owre muckle,
I'll end my life and a' my woes
Wi' my auld whuttle.

Tho', 'twill no' come to sic a pass,
For ilka lad and bonnie lass
Hae got a purse wi' lots o' brass—
The rhymer's fee :
Sae hand it owre, then hae a glass
O' barley bree.

P.S.

The rhymer's a grey-headed carl
Wha kens but little o' this warl,
And wha winna wi' you quarrel,
If gold you gie ;
'Twill mebbie gie you to yon warl
An entrance free.

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

I ask your aid, to comfort, cheer,
To wipe away the widow's tear ;
Pray do not say you can't afford,
For you are lending to the Lord.

To those who give their mite to-day,
He will, with tenfold interest, pay ;
I therefore ask your aid, to cheer,
And wipe away the widow's tear.

The Man of Sorrows does His part
To comfort every weary heart ;
Let us be like Him, help to cheer,
And wipe away the widow's tear.

March 10th.

The stricken heart is full of joy,
With gratitude without alloy ;
And gives you thanks, with heart sincere,
For drying up the widow's tear.

TO MY BRITHER.

I SEND you doon a verse or twa
To read when you hae leisure,
Tho' you'll no' find them vera braw,
In metre or in measure.

But sin' I've taen the rhymin' trade,
I string a lot thegether :
In some there is a little sense,
In some a lot o' blether.

But if they should gie to your heart
The sma'est bit o' pleasure,
I'll send you mair whene'er you like,
Withouten mete or measure.

And, as you are deep in my debt,
In fac', an aufa' debtor,
Just o' your mind gie me a screed
In a lang, winsome letter.

And if the muse should be sae kind
To kittle up your fancy,
To gar you write a roosing sang
O' Jeannie, Kate, or Nancy.

And if, perchance, you've lost your heart
To some fair, country maiden,
Just let me ken, and in a trice
I'll post aff to your weddin'.

For surely you have seen some lass,
When knappin' stanes, or shearin',
Wad make you happy a' your life,
And stap my further spearin'.

For, brither Ralph, I think its time
You took yoursel' a wifie,
She wad bring joy into your heart,
And pleasure to your lifie.

Of a' things guid, a wife's the best,
  The vera cream o' pleasure ;
If ance you try, I ken you'll say
  She is a priceless treasure.

My cannie lad, ye're gettin' auld,
  Your hair is gray and scanty ;
But a wife wad mak' you young again,
  And cock your hat quite jaunty.

Just tak' a pattern by mysel',
  I am baith snug and cosy ;
In trying to express my love
  I've taen to writin' poesy.

My wife is weel, and so am I,
  And a' the bairns are canty :
But o' their beauty I'll no speak,
  Lest you should think me vaunty.

Gie my best love to Ann and Jean,
  To Adam, John, and Jamie ;
And no forget my ancient frien's,
  Tam Wilson and his Jeannie.

Sae now, farewell, my brither dear,
  I've tried to show my learnin' ;
But a letter is what maist I want,
  For that my heart is yearnin.'

"I WONDER IF SHE LOVES ME."

I WONDER if she loves me,
  Or would she say me nay,
If I should gently press her
  To name the happy day ?

I really think she loves me,
  She blushes when I'm nigh ;
In her sweet, pensive moments
  I sometimes hear her sigh.

To-day I mean to tell her
  I think she is divine,
And if she lets me kiss her,
  I'll ask her to be mine.

* * * *

Sweet joy, the maiden loves me ;
  She seal'd it with a kiss,
And, with sweet blushes, promis'd
  To consummate my bliss.

"SOME SAY I'M A LOVELY YOUNG MAIDEN."

Some say I'm a lovely young maiden,
I know I am bashful and coy,
Yet love the young men to distraction,
Which brings me both sorrow and joy.

If they look, my face becomes crimson,
If they speak I answer them wrong;
If they try my waist to encircle,
I give it them—well, something strong.

Yet I love the sweet titillation,
The light, gentle pressure is bliss;
And when in their eyes I read something,
The something of which is a kiss;

When their face, with joy, is advancing
Still closer and closer to mine,
When our breath in sweetness commingles,
What follows, I own, is divine.

There's nothing on earth so delightful
To a maiden, bashful and coy,
Than a young man gently persisting
To impart such heavenly joy.

ON THE OCCASION OF A BANQUET HELD IN HONOUR OF THE SECOND LIFE GUARDS, ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE EGYPTIAN WAR, 1882.

Second Life Guards—
Again we bid you welcome to our ancient royal Town ;
We give you heartfelt greetings, thou warriors of renown.
You've proved yourselves good soldiers, on the march, and in the fray,
And we're proud to call you brothers on this auspicious day ;
You fought like ancient Spartans, proved loyal men and true :
You have shed a brighter glory on your Queen and country, too.
Prompt at the call of duty, ready at the word " Fall in ! "
Like an avalanche you thunder'd on your foes at Kassassin ;
Your swords gleam'd for an instant, then descended on the foe,
Again you flash'd them, reeking, there was death in every blow.

Rise, gentlemen of Windsor, your attention
I now crave,
Drink to our noble Life Guards—to the
bravest of the brave !

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

Soon, in death, I'll close mine eyelids,
Soon my soul will pass away
From its home of sin and sorrow,
To a bright, eternal day.

When the grave has claim'd its victim,
And is loos'd life's silver cord,
It will rise, with joy exultant,
In the image of the Lord.

Angel-guards will guide it onward,
Through the pathway of the skies,
And will open wide the portal
To the courts of Paradise.

But the body it will slumber
In the silence of the tomb,
Till the angel sounds the trumpet
At the final day of doom.

When the dead, in countless thousands,
  Will arise to meet their God;
Some, with joy, will hail the summons,
  Some will fear His chastening rod.

When the Christ—the Man of Sorrows,
  He who once lay in the grave,
He who was the Friend of sinners,
  And who died our souls to save;

He—the King, the Judge Supernal,
  Will say unto some, "Arise,
"Enter thou to life eternal
  "In the mansions of the skies."

But the damn'd!—Jesu, in mercy,
  Let me never hear the word,
Which would banish me for ever,
  From the presence of the Lord.

THE AULD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

We twa are gettin' auld, wife,
  And doiterin' doon the hill;
But hand in hand we'll gang, wife,
  And will love each ither still.

I mind the day fu' weel, wife,
When we did first forgather ;
I thought you sweet and fair, wife,
And winsome a' thegether.

Your eyes they beam'd wi' love, wife,
Bright and bonnie was their sheen ;
Their first glance pierc'd my heart, wife,
And enthroned you as my queen.

Those days o' youthfu' joy, wife,
Hae pass'd awa' for ever,
But love's sweet dream remains, wife,
Which death cannot dissever.

And, after death, there is, wife,
A bright, bonnie hame above ;
A hame prepared by Him, wife,
Whose sweet attribute is Love.

I sometimes hae sweet glints, wife,
O' yon bright, better world,
Where a' is joy and peace, wife,
Eternity unfurl'd.

Though it is but a dream, wife,
The strange fancies o' the night,
We ken there is beyond, wife,
A bright hame o' pure delight.

Where sorrow, pale-faced care, wife,
  Cannot even enter in ;
Where death has sprung to life, wife,
  And sweet love has banish'd sin.

Where we'll see face to face, wife,
  The bright glory' o' the Lamb,
Immanuel, the King, wife,
  The Ineffable I Am.

But ere we gain that hame, wife,
  We must trust in Him wha died,
Wash in the cleansing blood, wife,
  Af the Christ, the Crucified.

Still may we hand in hand, wife,
  Gang doon life's hill thegether,
And in that bonnie hame, wife,
  Wi' a' that's dear, forgather.

HEARTFELT WISHES.

April 27th, 1882.

Fair Helen of Waldeck, we now greet you
  with joy,
May your guerdon be love, without dross
  or alloy ;

May the Searcher of hearts be your Friend
and Guide,
To keep you and guard you, whatever
betide.
May the flags now waving on thy bridal
day
Be a symbol of joy that will ne'er pass
away :
May Leopold, the Princely, be loving and
true,
Make your heart throb with joy, your love
never rue ;
May sweet olive branches soon cluster
around,
To gladden your hearts when their laughter
resound.

. . . . . .

Fair Helen of England, we bid you fare-
well,
Haste away with thy love to Claremont's
green dell ;
And when, in sweet converse, with Leopold
you stray
In its sylvan retreats, at the close of the
day,

Oft think of the dear one who gave you the joy :
Be a wife and a friend to her noble boy.

God Bless the Baby.

February 25th, 1883.

May God bless the baby, and her dear mother, too ;
May she give the glory to whom the blessing's due :
May God bless the baby, with heart and soul we pray ;
Keep her, guide her, guard her, on each future day.
May she grow in beauty, in outward form and mind,
Be gentle, loving, modest, the best of womankind.
Now we'll leave the baby in God's Almighty hand,
May she always love Him, and in His temple stand.

On Seeing the Baby.

Light balmy sleep enwrap'd the child,
A smile illumed her face ;
Sweet innocence I saw defined,
No stain of sin could trace.

Again I saw the lovely babe,
Crowing in joyous glee,
And read within her laughing eyes,
A soul of purity.

O may her soul keep bright and pure,
God be her help and stay ;
And never leave her to herself,
But keep her night and day.

IN MEMORIAM.

Princess Alice, Died 14th Dec., 1878.

Children of Albion, veil your faces, and weep
For England's fair daughter who has fallen asleep :
For the sweet Princess Alice, the gentle and brave,
In the true path of duty has gone to the grave.

But grieve not, my Queen, for the dear one
who has gone,
For she now reaps the fruit of the seed you
have sown ;
With acts of devotion, abnegation, and
love,
She has enter'd the portal of heaven
above.

Your fair name it is known o'er the wide
rolling earth,
From the hot torrid zone, to the cold frigid
north ;
Thy glory is great, pure and bright shines
its light,
But, compared to her's, 'tis the blackness
of night.

O, kneel, kneel at God's footstool, great
Empress and Queen,
His arm will support you, though His hand
is unseen ;
And at last he will lead you to those whom
you love,
Who now dwell with Emmanuel, the
Heavenly Dove.

"IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH."

The day is waning, waning,
The night is nigh :
The sands of life are ebbing,
Soon we must die.

Earth, with our joys and sorrows,
Will disappear,
Engulfing all we cherish,
And hold most dear.

Time bears us swiftly onward,
It will not stay :
Evanishing, like day-dreams,
We pass away.

Death stalks abroad in sunshine,
And mid-night gloom,
Ingathering his harvest
Into the tomb.

He takes the high and noble,
And humble poor ;
Enters the lordly mansion,
And cottage door.

The infant, in the morning,
Is full of glee ;
Lo ! ere the sun has vanish'd,
Its soul is free.

Youth, budding into manhood,
Joyous in heart,
Encounters the grim foeman,
Falls by his dart.

The maiden's cheeks are tinted
With beauty's bloom:
The morrow, they are pallid,
Ripe for the tomb.

The mother, while she fondles
Her darling babe,
Is touched by Death's cold hand,
In silence laid.

The strong man gathers riches,
And ample store ;
Death meets him on the threshold,
His race is o'er.

Soon, loving hands will lay us
Beneath the sod ;
May we, while day is with us,
Make peace with God.

Trust in the King, Redeemer,
  Who came to save ;
Who died for our redemption,
  Rose from the grave.

Who pleads now with the Father,
  For us above :
Infinity of mercy,
  Unfathom'd love !

WOMAN—WAR.

Awake, my muse, awake to life,
But not to sing of angry strife,
Nor yet of battles' loud alarms,
But only of dear Woman's charms.
Of her sweet, gentle, loving ways,
Aye giving joy, not seeking praise,
As sister, daughter, mother, wife,
Such theme might wake poetic life.
Of belted warriors, tented fields,
Fierce charging hosts, and clang of shields,
In scenes of blood you are forlorn,
You cannot sing when widows mourn.

Upon a red, ensanguin'd plain,
Amongst the dying and the slain,

Minist'ring angels hover near,
Giving comfort, hearing prayer.
Some are there of heavenly birth,
And others, too, of grosser earth,
But angels still, in woman's form,
Instilling peace amid the storm.
There, a youthful warrior lies,
Pale is his cheek and dim his eyes :
His life-blood flows in ebbing tide,
While Death sits cow'ring by his side.
And o'er him bends, in speechless woe,
The partner of his joys below ;
With trembling hands she tries to stay
His life-blood fleeting fast away.
Of charging squadrons, shrieks and groans,
Of curses, prayers, and dying moans ;
Of cannon's roar, and shots' rebound,
She's dead to every passing sound.
Her soul seems centred on that face,
So full of youthful, manly grace ;
Now pale and wan with death's cold dew,
Clustering o'er his noble brow.
Six months before, with joyous pride,
He led her forth a happy bride ;
By Tweed's green banks, and crystal stream,
They first indulged in love's sweet dream :
They took a fond, perspective view
Of pleasures sweet, and ever new ;

Of cottage joys, connubial bliss,
A home of peace and happiness.
Of children prattling on their knee,
Or dancing round in joyous glee:
Kneeling down at ev'ning prayer;
Such scenes are bliss beyond compare.
But War, that monster, child of hell,
Whose horrors tongue can never tell,
With trumpet clang, and loud alarms,
Tore Edwin from his loved one's arms.
Dread War, thou hellish child of sin:
Ambition, too, thy sister twin;
Join not again in wild embrace,
And man with man shall dwell in peace.
Then Love, that bright, and heav'nly star,
Shall rule the nations near and far;
The teeming earth her pow'r shall feel,
And at her footstool lowly kneel.
But haste the time, thou loving band,
Against dread War now take thy stand;
And gentle Peace, with mighty power,
Shall blessings on the nations shower.
Arise, arise, and quell the strife,
Each sister, daughter, mother, wife;
Shed thy sweet spirit o'er the scene,
Then joy and peace will reign serene.

[NOTE.—The preceding lines, composed one morning on my way from Osborne to Newport

(I. of W.), were commenced with the intention of descanting on love and peace in accord with the scene around me. The muse, however, appears to have resented my telling her that she must not sing of war and its attendant horrors, for I found, upon reducing my thoughts to writing, that "Angry Strife" was my principal theme.]

LINES TO DORCAS.

YOUR sorrows are great, but the Saviour is kind,
He sent you affliction to chasten your mind;
For those whom He loves, He oft chastens them sore,
To prepare them for heav'n, and joys evermore.

While here, you have sorrow, deep anguish, and pain,
There, if a Christian, a crown you will gain;
And here, you must part from those whom you love,
But there, you will dwell with the Saviour above.

On earth, all is mortal, swift change and decay,
There, life is eternal, celestial day ;
Here, you are tempted, without and within :
There, all is sweet peace, for heaven is serene.

Here, like the ocean, you can never find rest,
But there, with the Father Eternal, you're blest ;
Here, like the seed, in the cold earth you must lie,
But there, you are quicken'd, and never will die.

Here, brief is our portion, our life is a span,
The dark looming future, no mortal can scan ;
But a bright light is shining to point out the way,
The beacon is Jesus, to Him we must pray.

Here, amid suffering, sharp hunger, and pain,
The Saviour was wounded, for us He was slain ;
On the Cross of Calvary laid His life down
To purchase our pardon, to gain us a Crown.

And here, like the moth on a bleak autumn
day,
We flutter and die, and our bodies decay ;
But there, with the angels, for ever we'll
sing
Sweet anthems to Jesus, our Saviour and
King.

THE CROSS.

FATHER of mercy, God of love,
I lift my heart to Thee ;
Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That it may comfort me.

Thou sent Thy Son, Thine only Son,
To die upon the Tree ;
O wash me in His precious blood,
And it will comfort me.

To the Cross, the glorious Cross,
Father, in haste, I flee ;
Beneath its shadow I will kneel,
That You may comfort me.

Beneath the Cross, the blood-stain'd Cross,
I crave for pardon free,
And will not leave the hallow'd spot
Until you comfort me.

Upon the Cross, the blood-stain'd Cross,
Jesus He died for me;
And from the Cross, the glorious Cross,
Father, I'll fly to Thee.

"I AWOKE, AND LO! IT WAS A DREAM."

O clasp me to your heart, Jamie,
Till I am ta'en awa';
For I maun leave you now, Jamie,
And my wee bairnies twa.

I ance did think to stay, Jamie,
Wi' you for monie a year,
To be your comfort here, Jamie,
And dight awa' ilk tear.

But God has said to me, Jamie,
That I maun gang awa'
To a hame prepared, Jamie,
Where a' is grand and braw.

The voice Divine did speak, Jamie,
In accents loud and clear,
"Put a' your trust in Me, Jeannie,
"And you'll no' doubt or fear."

At first it seem'd sae hard, Jamie,
To pairt wi' a' that's dear,
To leave my bairnies wee, Jamie,
And no' their voices hear.

But now my mind is chang'd, Jamie,
I'm waitin' to be taen;
Tho' I am vera wae, Jamie,
To leave you a' alane.

But I hae dream'd a dream, Jamie,
Sae comforting to me;
I thought I was in heaven, Jamie,
And bonnie sights did see.

Ye mind our blithesome wean, Jamie,
When she was taen awa',
How sair it grieved our hearts, Jamie,
And brak' them near in twa.

I saw our darling bairn, Jamie,
And, oh! she look'd sae gran',
Wi' a crown upo' her head, Jamie,
And a sceptre in her han'.

And she was claid in white, Jamie,
Wi' glory roun' her head;
And it then seem'd to me, Jamie,
That she had ne'er been dead.

And, oh ! she look'd sae blithe, Jamie;
She sweetly smiled on me:
I clasp'd her to my heart, Jamie,
And set her on my knee.

And she then said to me, Jamie,
"O mither, ye maun stay;
"We're a' sae happy here, mither,
"We worship night and day.

"We sing aboot the Lamb, mither,
"Wha died for you and me;
"He left His hame aboon, mither,
"Frae sin to set us free.

"He left His glory here, mither,
"Our souls frae death to save;
"And frae the Cross went doon, mither,
"To the cauld, silent grave.

"But there He didna' stay, mither,
"He cam' back to His hame;
"And now it is our joy, mither,
"To glorify His Name.

"We hae nae sun or moon, mither,
"We need nae earthly light,
"The glory o' the Lamb, mither.
"Sheds roun' a radiance bright.

"The rainbow-circled throne, mither,
"Shines wi' effulgent sheen;
"In palaces o' earth, mither,
"There's naething like it seen.

"S. John, the frien' o' Christ, mither,
"Gie'd us o' heav'n a gleam;
"But here it's grander far, mither,
"Than his prophetic dream.

"What he saw aboon, mither,
"Was thro' a darken'd screen;
"Nae mortal yet ere saw, mither,
"Unveil'd the heavenly scene.

"For he just had a glint, mither,
"Thro' a half-open door;
"Eneugh to mak' us strive, mither,
"To reach this happy shore.

"You've seen the sun keek oot, mither,
"Frae a dark, cloudy sky;
"A flash, and it was gane, mither,
"Like ae glance o' the eye.

"It telt the sun was there, mither,
"Tho' it was but a peep
"O' glory still ayout, mither,
"Af which we a' may reap.

"For God did not create, mither,
"Immortal souls to damn;
"His attribute is Love, mither,—
"Ineffable I Am.

"But there's a dreadfu' hell, mither,
"Of unutterable woe—
"A place where devils dwell, mither,
"And where the damn'd must go.

"The joys o' heav'n they'll see, mither,
"The bliss o' a' within:
"Behold the fruit o' love, mither,
"But reap the grit o' sin.

"Roun' the throne o' light, mither,
"The angel harpers stand;
"Their sang is o' the Lamb, mither,
"Wha sits on God's right hand.

"The saints and martyrs a', mither,
"Wha cam' through grief and pain,
"Join the angelic choirs, mither,
"In their poetic strain.

"They praise the Christ, the King, mither,
"Wha shed His blood for thee;
"Wha died upon the Cross, mither,
"Frae sin to set us free.

"They veil their faces then, mither,
"The glory is sae bright;
"Ye maunna see it now, mither,
"You couldna' bear the sight.

"The glory is too great, mither,
"For mortal een to see;
"Sae ye maun wait a wee, mither,
"Till death shall set you free."

I then awoke wi' joy, Jamie,
And it was a' a dream;
But I believe I had, Jamie,
O' heav'n a transient gleam.

And now I'll say fareweel, Jamie,
But no' for evermore;
I'll meet you and our weans, Jamie,
On a bright, better shore.

Yes, I'll be waitin' there, Jamie,
You'll be the first I meet;
Sae dinna look sae wae, Jamie,
O dinna, dinna greet.

Just lay your cheek to mine, Jamie,
And catch my latest breath,
For now I ken that this, Jamie,
Is the cauld hand o' Death.

A glorious sight I see, Jamie,
The heav'ns are opened wide,
The Saviour beckons me, Jamie,
Sae here I maunna bide.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE JOURNEY OF GENERAL GORDON FROM CAIRO TO KHARTOUM, FEB., 1884.

Onward ! Gordon, noble heart,
God from thee will not depart ;
For thy mission is sweet love,
Attribute of Him above.

Onward ! Gordon, do not fear,
Face the hostile sword and spear ;
For thy mission is sweet love,
Attribute of Him above.

On the barren desert sand
God by thee will take His stand ;
For thy mission is sweet love,
Attribute of Him above.

Though the battles may abound,
Blood and carnage thee surround;
Still thy mission is sweet love,
Attribute of Him above.

Onward! Gordon, onward, on!
Through dark Afric's torrid zone,
In thy mission of sweet love,
Attribute of Him above.

'Mid the hostile sword and spear
God Himself is always near;
For thy mission is sweet love,
Attribute of Him above.

Gordon, thou shalt take thy stand
With the noblest of the land;
For thy spirit glows with love,
Attribute of Him above.

Onward! Gordon, face the strife,
Death will bring eternal life;
He Who's attribute is love
Has a home for thee above.

. . . . . .

Gordon's cross'd the desert sands,
Met the fierce Arabic bands,
In his mission of sweet love,
Attribute of Him above.

Pure and noble, gentle, brave,
Friend of the enshackled slave,
With a heart surcharged with love,
Attribute of Him above.

. . . . . .

The great soldier of renown
Has now gain'd the victor's crown
In his mission of sweet love,
Attribute of Him above.

From Khartoum his soul did rise
To bright mansions in the skies;
He now dwells in worlds above,
In the presence of All Love.

THE MIND—A REMINISCENCE.

In childhood's sweet dream, by the clear, silvery Tweed,
I wander'd in joy, and of care took no heed;

And in boyhood's bright bloom, on its banks and braes,
I clamber'd for hours, and ne'er thought of the days.

But they kept rolling on, the years pass'd away,
And the locks that were raven are turn'd to grey ;
Yet Old Father Time has dealt gently with me,
Though changed is my body, my mind is still free.

Oh ! the mind is a wondrous web to unfold,
If kept bright and pure 'tis more precious than gold ;
In an instant it soars to the ends of the earth,
And returns as soon to the place of its birth.

The place of its birth—oh ! 'tis grander by far
Than earth's lovely scenes, or the bright morning star ;

It came from the Heaven of Heavens above,
The home of Immanuel, the Heavenly Dove.

In the image of God—glorious and grand—
It sprang into being by word of command;
And, swifter than thought on celestial ray,
Descended to earth to its frail house of clay.

Its house will soon fall, will dissolve and decay,
But the mind is the soul—eternal its day;
'Twill return, as it came, to the realms above,
To dwell with the Father, whose essence is Love.

PASSING THOUGHTS.

As in the devious path of life
We wander on our way,
Our hearts are sometimes very sad,
And sometimes they are gay.

Gay, in the springtide of our youth,
When all that meets our view
Is gilded with the tintings bright
Of a sweet, roseate hue.

With blithesome hearts we sail along
On life's bright, buoyant wave;
And, without either chart or guide,
The dark untrodden brave.

We gaily launch upon the stream,
With Pleasure at the helm;
And think not of the storms beyond,
Which may us overwhelm.

We spread our sails, with cheerful hearts,
To catch each passing joy,
Forgetful that the stream of Time
May the sweet pleasure cloy.

The days and months sweep swiftly on,
And years keep rolling by;
Our youthful joys are swept away,
The end it draweth nigh.

Will they who trust in Pleasure's cup
Feel joy when death is near,
Or will the thoughts then shadow'd forth
Bring only doubt and fear?

Will angel guards surround their beds,
Or fiends of hell be there?
Will they descend to hades' shades,
Or rise to mansions fair?

If their sweet hopes of future bliss
Are clear and well defined,
The shaft which gives the fatal stroke
Will leave no sting behind.

When darken'd clouds enwrap us round,
Our hearts are full of gloom;
When some dear one—our hope and joy—
Is hast'ning to the tomb.

When all the skill that science gives,
And love can intervene;
Fails to arrest the fatal stroke
Which will encloud the scene.

When some dear one (the hope and stay
Of our declining years)
Sinks gently to the gates of death
With all our hopes and fears.

But if we've sail'd our bark aright
O'er life's dark, troubled wave,
And cast our anchor and our hopes
On Him who died to save,

He'll guide us to a haven sure,
Free from all storms of sin;
If we but trust His cleansing blood,
We all may enter in.

CHRISTMAS MORNING, 1885.

AGAIN the day has circled round,
On which the Christ was born,
The day the Son of Mary came
To comfort the forlorn.

He came, the Messenger of Peace,
By angel guards proclaim'd;
He came to burst the bands of sin,
By which we are enchain'd.

He came not on triumphant car,
  But lowly, meek, and mild ;
Not as a monarch to his throne,
  But as a little Child.

The Christ, the King, the Holy One,
  Was in a stable born ;
And in a manger He was laid
  On that first Christmas morn.

Herald angels, at His birth,
  Proclaim'd Him Christ the Lord,
Immanuel the King of kings,
  The everlasting Word.

He came, the bleeding heart to bind,
  The sinful soul to save ;
He came to die upon the Cross,
  To lie within the grave.

Before He left His home above,
  He knew that He must die ;
That on the Cross His blood must flow,
  He in the grave must lie.

He died that we might gain a home,
  To dwell with Him above,
And bask for ever in the smile
  Of Him whose name is Love.

CHRISTMAS GREETING TO ANNIE.

DEAREST one, we greet thee,
On this happy morn ;
May His love enwrap thee,
Who this day was born.

May He lead thee onward
Till thy journey's o'er ;
Thine in joy and sorrow,
Thine for evermore.

Buckle on His armour
In the race you run,
Treading in His footsteps
Till the goal is won.

In the land of Beulah,
His bright home above,
In His presence dwelling,
Basking in His love.

Singing, sweetly singing,
Praises unto Him ;
Kneeling at His footstool
With bright seraphim.

Singing with the angels
On that happy shore,
Meeting with the dear ones,
When their journey's o'er.

"CHRISTIAN, TELL ME."

CHRISTIAN, tell me, pray me tell,
Is there a heaven and a hell?
Or is it a false, priestly dream,
Pray tell, O tell me, what you deem?

Is there a life beyond the grave,
(Our highest aspirations crave)
Or will the myriads who die,
In the cold grave for ever lie?

Is there a home for us above,
Prepared by a Redeemer's love?
Or is it all a priestly dream,
Pray tell, O tell me, what you deem?

"There is a home prepared above,
"The seat of purity and love;
"There is a heaven and a hell,
"Our silent monitor doth tell.

"There is a life beyond the grave,
"(Our highest aspirations crave)
"And the vast myriads who die,
"Will *not* in death for ever lie.

"The dead in Christ will first arise
"To dwell with Him in Paradise,
"And the damn'd be downward driven,
"Nevermore to enter heaven."

"DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

A Memento of 14th December, 1861 and 1878.

Again the silent wheels of time
  Have usher'd in the day
On which two noble, lofty souls
  From our earth passed away.

One—the dear Consort of our Queen,
  Albert the good and wise;
And Alice—gentle, loving, true,
  Left us for Paradise.

The years have silently swept on,
  Since fell the fatal blow,
And we still mourn the princely ones,
  But chasten'd is our woe.

Noble and lovely in their lives,
  Dead—they speak with power;
Their virtues still illume our souls
  As sunshine tints the flower.

And He, who wisely wing'd the shaft
  For purposes unseen,
Has left to us our hope and joy,
  Our own true-hearted Queen.

May God bless our gracious Queen,
And long her life still spare;
She reigns enshrined within our hearts,
Her image it is there.

Kingdoms and potentates may fall,
Her throne it is secure;
Love is the symbol of her reign,
Her heritage is sure.

And when life's silver cord is loosed,
There is a home above,
Where dear ones meet to part no more,
A heritage of love.

DEATH.

DEATH stalks abroad in sunshine, and the
weird, darksome hours,
Gathering in the sear leaves, and sweet,
lovely flowers;
The palace gates he enters, and at the
cottage door,
He knoweth no distinction between the
rich and poor.

For he is no respecter of persons or degree,
The noble and ignoble must bow to his decree ;
And the poor wretched starv'lings are equal in his sight
As potentates and princes, lordlings or belted knight.
[Man's highest aspirations are like a lovely flower
Nipp'd by the breath of autumn in an untimely hour ;
Transient as a snowflake when kiss'd by sunny beam,
Unstable as the fancies of a poetic dream.]
The merchant, while rejoicing o'er the fair gains of trade,
Must leave all in an instant, just as his fortune's made :
The miser, too, exulting o'er title deeds and gold,
Sees the grim foe advancing, the gates of Death unfold.
Sweet friendship's ties he sunders, and will not be said nay,
He claims the agèd pilgrim, the youthful and the gay :

He takes the prattling infant from its fond
mother's knee,
And sets the laughing school-boy from all
his studies free.
The young man enters gaily upon the race
of life,
But soon falls in the contest, unequal is
the strife.
Death leaves awhile the weakling, and
striketh down the strong;
He passes by the grey beard, and taketh
hence the young.
He breathes upon the maiden—young,
beautiful, and fair,
Preparing for her nuptials, and braiding up
her hair;
The bridesmaids are around her, laughing
in joyous glee,
But Death bespeaks the maiden, and her
pure soul is free.
With stealthy steps he enters into the
gay ball-room,
Selects a lovely victim in all her youthful
bloom;
Her damask cheek soon paleth, her spark-
ling eyes grow dim,
And all her beauty fadeth when she is
claim'd by him.

The bands of love he sunders : unsatiable his hate ;
He kills the Christian hero, and the reprobate.
The prop of age he slaughters, and stills the lofty mind ;
The beggar falls before him, the noble and refined.
He reigns alone triumphant in a continual feast,
And wounds alike the maiden, and the manly breast.
The mother, while she's smiling on her sweet, darling babe,
Is touchèd by his cold hand, and lo ! in death is laid ;
He slays the loving father by whom the bread is won,
And shows no love or mercy to the poor widow's son.
Sings an exultant pæan amid the cannon's roar,
And stalks among the dying when the dread battle's o'er.
War is to him sweet music, he joys to see the day
When host meets host in battle, whole hecatombs to slay :

Angels veil their faces on the unhallowèd scene,
Dark Pluto's shade rejoices, the souls of men to glean ;
And laughs to see them rushing to his dark, dread abode,
Condemn'd to dwell in hades by an avenging God.
[I speak not of the patriot—noble, true, and brave—
Who, fighting for love of country, find a soldier's grave ;
But of hell's foul ambition, which swells a nation's pride
To trample on the weaker, and the laws of God deride.
Open the scroll of history, and scan its ancient page,
Where are the mighty nations? Where Rome, and where Carthage ?
Rome is a living symbol of Almighty power,
A warning to the nations that He can raise and lower.]
A mighty host advances, in war's grand, dread array,
And falls before Death's onset ere they can join the fray :

The warriors bones lie bleaching on the
arid plain,
Dear ones for them are waiting, but wait
for them in vain.
Death laughs at man's devices, and the
physician's art,
And only owns one Master, Who wings for
him each dart :
A power divine doth guide him, he strikes
but by God's will,
Uutil he is commissioned, he hath no
power to kill.

MUSINGS.

When love divine the soul inspires,
And moves the sluggish mind
To love our neighbour as ourselves,
To feel for all mankind.

To comfort every weary heart,
The wretched and forlorn ;
To point them to a home above,
Where they will cease to mourn.

To love the creatures God has made—
The insect on the wing,
The feather'd songsters of the grove,
Which so divinely sing.

We hear God in the gentle breeze,
  His voice amid the storm ;
His presence in the dew and rain,
  His wonders they perform.

He beautifies the verdant meads,
  And crowns the cloud-clapp'd hills,
Guiding the mountain torrent's course,
  And gentle, flowing rills.

He makes each tiny flower to bloom,
  Which scents the passing gale,
Imprinting some with roseate hues,
  And some, like lily, pale.

The modest violet to bloom,
  And rear its lovely head,
To shed abroad its sweet perfume
  From its low, leafy bed.

His Spirit moves the stormy waves,
  And makes them cease to roll ;
The earth's foundations, at His word,
  Do shake from pole to pole.

The starry firmament on high,
  Doth by His presence shine ;
The sun and moon obey His voice,
  And own He is Divine.

FRIENDSHIP.

To Mr. T. Wilson, of Wark.

In the silence of my chamber, when thoughts crowd on the brain,
And phantoms of the past arise—of pleasure and of pain—
The mind—the essence of the soul—flies back to childhood's days,
When on the bonnie banks of Tweed, we sang our youthful lays.

O Tweed, thy name to me is dear, thy stream is clear and bright,
Thy banks are clothed with buttercups, with daisies red and white.
And often in thy crystal stream I've gazed with pure delight,
To watch the bubbles dance and gleam, and vanish out of sight:
Thy stream to me is hallow'd, in my heart I'll thee enshrine;
And I never can forget the days, those happy days of mine,

When, on thy banks and dewy meads, we
cull'd the gowans fine,
And chased the moth and butterfly in days
of "auld lang syne."

Dear Tom, I often think of you, and of the
happy hours
We clamber'd on the banks and braes, and
cull'd the brightest flowers;
And of the many rambles when the stars
shed down their light,
And the moon smiled upon us in the
silence of the night.
It was then, in youthful friendship, our
hearts were knit together,
And neither time nor distance can the
holy tie dissever:
Our hearts were one in childhood, the
spark kindled was divine;
And bright it glows within our hearts, and
evermore will shine.
Time has made many changes, and has
turn'd our locks to grey,
He soon will roll us off earth's stage, for
here we cannot stay;
But we'll live when Time is vanquish'd, and
earth has passed away:

Friend will meet friend, to part no more,
in everlasting day.
While here, we must fight the battle if we
would win the crown
In those bright, heavenly mansions where
partings are unknown.
Let us now choose our armour from the
armoury above,
And the Captain of Salvation, whose
battle-cry is Love.

MAJUBA HILL.

We mourn for the brave, for our warriors
slain,
Who'll ne'er see the cliffs of dear England
again;
In a far distant clime, 'neath Afric's bright
sun,
They fought and they fell, and their duty
was done.

The Gael and the Saxon, bold, gen'rous,
and brave,
By numbers o'erwhelmed, have met death
and the grave;

They faced the wild torrent, the foemen swept on,
And we mourn for the brave, the heroes now gone.

We mourn for the brave, for our sailors so true,
Whose last cruise is o'er on the deep ocean blue;
On Majuba they fought, on Majuba they fell,
The sharp, pinging bullets—dirge, requiem, and knell.

Mourn for the brave, let the heart wail sorrow
For Britain's brave sons who'll see no to-morrow;
The Scarlet and Tartan are steep'd in their gore,
And the home that knew them shall know them no more.

FATHER.

LIFE is waning, time is fleeting,
And eternity is near;
When I meet the Everlasting,
Father, have I aught to fear?

Eternity! my soul now trembles,
Standing on thy dread abyss,
Waiting for the final summons
To eternal woe or bliss.

Eternity! who can fathom,
Or define thy boundless sway;
Who record, by flowing numbers,
Thy eternal, endless day.

Eternity! tell me, Father,
Has eternity no end?
Is it always the beginning,
Will it never onward tend?

If the vast, deep, stormy oceans
Were dissolved in dewy spray,
And each drop ten thousand ages,
Would those ages pass away?

If the grains of sand were numbered,
(In the sea, and on the shore),
And each grain a mighty era,
Would eternity be o'er?

Add to them the crystal dewdrops
That have sparkled in the sun,
And the raindrops that have fallen
Since the race of man begun:

Joining, too, the leaves and spraylets
That have grown upon the trees,
With each blade of grass and blossom
That has fluttered in the breeze:

Multiplied by the flow'rets
That have open'd to the sun;
And all life that's been created,
Would eternity be done?

Still you say, "'Twill be beginning
"When those ages pass away,
"Always present, never future,
"But an everlasting aye."

Cease, my soul, O cease thy doubting;
Has the Saviour died in vain?
Was the sacrifice deficient
When the Lamb of God was slain?

Has the blood that flow'd on Calvary
  Been for me of no avail?
When the sun was robed in darkness,
  And was rent the temple veil.

When the earthquake shook the mountains,
  And the valleys quaked with fear;
When Creation groan'd in anguish
  As the awful hour drew near.

When the mortal and immortal
  Were united in the tomb,
And the dead, in solemn silence,
  Left awhile its horrid gloom.

When the Christ wail'd, "It is finished!"
  As He hung upon the Tree,
Bow'd His head, the Man of Sorrows,
  In His dying agony;

And, wailing, cried, "My God, My God,
  Why hast Thou forsaken me?"
And, yet again, "My God, My God!"
  In His dread extremity.

When the pangs of hell oppress'd Him,
  When He bore man's sin and woe;
When He pray'd, "Forgive them, Father,
  "For they know not what they do."

When by God and man forsaken,
  Bruis'd, and left alone to die;
When His voice was heard in wailing,
  Like a sinner's dying cry.

When the Roman Pilate scourged Him,
  And exclaim'd, "Behold your King!"
Had he scourged the Lord Incarnate,
  Of whom saints and angels sing?

When in purple they array'd Him,
  And a crown placed on His head,
When the sharp thorns pierced His temples,
  Was it God and man who bled?

When they smote and spat upon Him,
  And, in mock'ry, bow'd the knee,
Were they kneeling to a mortal,
  Or the Threefold Trinity?

When the soldiers, in their railings,
  Cried, "All hail, King of the Jews!"
Were they speaking of the Shiloh,
  Telling us the wondrous news?

How the Lord, the King Supernal,
  Had nowhere to lay His head,
Was condemn'd, with vilest sinners,
  To be number'd with the dead.

When they shouted, "Crucify Him!"
As they dragged Him to the Rood,
With the cry, "On us, and children,
"Be the onus of His blood."

When Simon, the Cyrenian,
Bore the burden of His Cross,
To the place they call'd Golgotha,—
Was it for our gain or loss?

When His hands and feet were piercèd,
Nail'd to the accursèd Tree,
When out flow'd the blood and water,
Was redemption meant for me?

When His throat and lips were parchèd,
And He feebly moan'd, "I thirst!"
Was the cry that of a mortal,
Or of God and man confest?

When His parch'd lips the sponge had
Filled with vinegar and gall, [touched,
And the words, "Now, it is finish'd!"
Was salvation meant for all?

Did the thief who craved for pardon
Rise to mansions in the skies,
Meet that day the King of Glory
In the courts of Paradise?

Was the railer, the reviler,
Sent to Hades' dreadful gloom ;
There to wait the day of judgment
To receive his final doom ?

Will one get a Crown of glory
Brighter than the tongue can tell ?
Will all scoffers then be sentenced
To the nether depths of hell ?

When the grave had claim'd its victim,
Did the powers of hell prevail ?
Was the Crucified—a mortal,
And our prayers of no avail ?

Did He rise on the third morning
As He had Himself foreshown ?
Was His sepulchre found empty,
Had the angel moved the stone ?

Did He comfort His disciples
With bright cloven tongues of fire,
And the Holy Ghost descending
The unlearnèd to inspire ?

How can I believe the story—
That the Lord of Life did die,
Leave the glory He created,
The bright mansions of the sky ?

Could the child of earthly parent
Be the Everlasting God,
Feel the pangs of death and hunger,
Fruit of sin's avenging rod?

Could the glorious Creator—
The beginning and the last—
Be enchained by wiles of Satan,
And in deepest hell be cast?

Is He not the Lord Almighty,
The Eternal Holy One,
He who ne'er had a beginning,
And whose race will ever run?

He who holds the mighty oceans
In the hollow of His hand;
While Creation bows before Him,
And obeys His high command?

Father, I believed your teaching—
That the Christ was God and man;
Now my soul is fill'd with doubting,
As the mystery I scan.

Could the Man surcharged with sorrows,
Whom you taught me to revere,
Live and die with vilest sinners
With His soul and concience clear?

Can the clear, bright, bubbling burnie
  Mix with the dark, turbid stream,
And emerge in pristine beauty,
  In the sunshine still to gleam?

'Tis too deep for my conception,
  Far beyond my mortal ken,
How the pure, holy Shekinah
  Died the death of sinful men.

How the mortal and immortal
  Were united into one;
Was a man, yet God Almighty,—
  Father, Holy Ghost, and Son.

"Faith, my Son, is all that's needed
  "To believe the wondrous news—
"That He died for the redemption
  "Of the Gentiles, and the Jews."

Faith no longer guides me onward,
  All around is dark and drear;
And no hope illumes the future,
  Which was once so bright and clear.

Deepest darkness now surrounds me,
  And is surging o'er my soul;
And I seem to hear the echoes
  Of the last dread thunder's roll,

Summoning me to the judgment
On the grand and awful day,
When the dead shall wake from slumber,
And Creation melt away:

When the trump of the archangel
Summons each created soul
To the Bar of the Eternal,
When the books He will unroll:

When the Lord's recording angel
Will point out each blot within,
If not washed, by blood of Jesus,
From impurity and sin.

Soul and body, then united,
Shall receive their final doom;
Some will enter joy eternal,
Some to everlasting gloom.

Some will soar to heav'nly mansions,
Brighter than the tongue can tell;
Some descend to Hades' tortures,
Where to hope they bid farewell.

Hope—companion of our childhood,
And of youth's bright, joyous time;
Hope—which gives the roseate colouring
To young manhood's op'ning prime.

Hope—when it has fled our presence,
All our earthly joy is gone;
Hope—alone illumes the future,
Though to us it is unknown.

Hope—the cheerer and consoler—
Lights us gently to the grave;
Wafts us to a quiet haven
Where no storms of sin can rave.

To the lost, condemn'd to Hades,
Hope can never enter there,
But the fiend which now assails me,—
The dread phantom of despair.

He will be their sole companion,
Ever whispering in their ear
Of the sweet delights of Heaven
They will never see nor hear.

How a God of love and mercy
Had with them so often striven,
Offering them free salvation,
And a home with Him in Heaven.

But despised, scorned, and rejected,
Kindled His Almighty ire,
And with devils has consigned them
To hell's everlasting fire.

Oh! that light might find an entrance
To that dark and drear abode,
That there was some hope of pardon
From a sin-avenging God.

"God is love,"—will He for ever
Keep His guilty creatures there?
Will they not, in that dread furnace,
For a higher life prepare?

Will the sins, on earth committed,
Never, never be forgiven?
Will they not be manumitted,
And a place for them in Heaven,

Distant from the fount of glory,
Centre of redeeming love,
Yet beholding the effulgence
Of the Heav'n of heav'ns above?

"God is love,"—but will His mercy
Have for ever pass'd away?
Is the fiat everlasting,
When the grave has claim'd its prey?

In the Book of Life, my father,
May our names be found enroll'd;
May we hear the King Supernal
Bid the gates of pearl unfold.

Hear Him say, "Thou blessèd, enter,
"Enter now those gates within;
"You were wash'd, by blood of Jesus,
"From the earthly stains of sin."

Oh! the joy, the bliss, and gladness,
If we meet our dear ones there,
Dwell together in communion
In those heav'nly mansions fair.

Hope's sweet mission will be ended,
Consummated, verified,
In the presence of the Father
And the Christ, the crucified.

Father, father, I am dying,
And my angel guards have flown;
Fiends of hell they now assail me,
And they claim me as their own.

Imprecations—dread, blasphemous—
They are whisp'ring in my ear;
Horrid phantoms—weird and shapeless—
Are floating by me in the air.

Father, father, they will drag me
To the lowest depth of hell,
Hades' mouth is yawning for me;
God of mercy, break the spell!

. . . . . .

Hist!—the King of Kings is speaking,
Gently whisp'ring in my ear;
Speaking words of highest import
For the soul of man to hear.

"Sinner, put thy trust in Jesus,
"He has shed His blood for thee;
"The sacrifice was all-sufficient
"When He died upon the Tree."

List!—my Father, to the harping,
To the grand, angelic strain;
'Tis my guards once more returning,
Singing now their last refrain

Oh! the symphony is lovely,
Sweeter than Eolian lyre;
Sweeter than the sweetest longings
That a mortal could desire.

Still the melody advances,
Chanted by seraphic choir;
Loftier than the lofty breathings
Of Milton's grand, poetic lyre.

Hark to the deep, swelling anthem,
Like the thunder's mutter'd roll,
Bringing peace and sweet contentment
To my late despairing soul.

"Hallelujah! hallelujah!"
Is again their pæan song;
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Father, it will not be long.

Oh! 'tis sweet to trust in Jesus,
And to feel thy loving arms;
To rest upon the Rock of Ages,
Free from doubts and dread alarms.

Some will say that all I've told you
Is a visionary dream,
Not the words of truth and reason,
But unreason's fitful gleam.

That the rock on which I'm resting
Has no base whereon to stand;
And will sink in its foundations,
Like a house built on the sand.

But I know in whom I'm trusting,
That my faith and hope are sure,
For the Lord Himself has promised
It will evermore endure.

Father, father, O my father,
May the Christian's death be thine;
'Tis *not* death, but life immortal:
Father, it will soon be mine.

Now the shades of death are o'er me,
But the Lord of Life is near;
His bright glory now surrounds me,
And His voice I seem to hear.

Now I'll close mine eyes in slumber,
In thine arms I'll pass away;
From thine arms I'll fly to Jesus,
And will dwell with Him for aye.

"THINE FOR EVER."

THINE, dear Jesus, when we kneel,
And, for sin, abasement feel,
Lying at Thy footstool prone,
Trusting in Thy blood alone.

Thine, dear Jesus, when we feel
For Thy cause deep, fervent zeal;
When our hearts are full of love,
Bringing souls to Thee above.

Thine for ever: oh! how sweet,
Kneeling at the mercy seat,
At the fountain of all love
In Thy home of joy above.

Thine for ever: never more
On Thy bright, effulgent shore
Will we feel of death the sting,
But with angels ever sing.

Thine for ever: blessèd Lord;
Thine for ever: most adored;
"Thine for ever," we will sing
In the presence of the King.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

The name of Jesus,
How sweetly it sounds,
Brings joy and gladness
Where most it abounds.

The name of Jesus
Gives joy to the heart
More than earth's treasures,
From which we must part.

The name of Jesus,
  It points to the skies,
Sorrow evanish'd,
  A bright Paradise.

The name of Jesus,
  When the heart is sad,
Gives consolation,
  And makes the heart glad.

The name of Jesus
  Will ever endure,
The Rock of Ages,
  The promise is sure.

The name of Jesus,
  The highest of bliss—
A home in Heaven,
  And comfort in this.

The name of Jesus,
  Our Savious and King;
Let us adore Him,
  His praises now sing.

"LET US ADORE HIM."

LET us adore Him,
  The King on His Throne;
Kneel at His footstool
  Our sins to atone.

Let us adore Him,
  Jehovah the Lord;
Trust in His mercy,
  And rest on His word.

Let us adore Him,
  Who hung on the Tree;
Shed His blood for us
  On dark Calvary.

Let us adore Him,
  Who lay in the grave;
Descended to hell,
  A ransom to save.

Let us adore Him,
  Ascended on high,
Bearing our sorrows,
  And hearing each sigh.

Let us adore Him,
  Who pleads in our cause
For sins committed,
  And broken His laws.

We will adore Thee,
  And kneel at Thy shrine;
Trust in Thy mercy,
  And be only Thine.

GOD THE FATHER.

God the Father, Christ the Son,
Holy Spirit, three in one,
  Keep us, guide us, guard us;
Keep us in the narrow way,
Never from its path to stray,
And, at last, to realms of day,
  Do Thou guide and guard us.

When temptation us assail,
When our spirit seems to fail,
  Be Thou near to help us;
May we put our trust in Thee,
Who from sin can set us free,
And Who died upon the Tree,
  Be our guide, and save us.

In the devious path of life,
In the battle and the strife,
  Be Thou ever near us.
When the lamp of life is low,
When deep anguish wrings the brow,
Until death shall strike the blow,
  Be Thou ever near us.

When, in death, we close our eyes,
Guide our souls to Paradise,
  Nevermore to leave us:
In those mansions, bright and fair,
May we meet our dear ones there,
Hear the King of kings declare
  He will never leave us.

GOD OF BATTLES.

KING Eternal, Prince of Peace,
Make all wars and strife to cease;
Let Thy Spirit gird the earth,
And sweet peace will soon have birth.

God of battles, King of kings,
Bring sweet healing on Thy wings;
Break asunder sword and spear,
God of love, the Christ, appear.

Let the cannon's sullen roar,
On the earth be heard no more ;
Make the shouts of war to cease,
Raise the pæan of sweet peace.

God of battles, Lord of Life,
Stay, O stay, the deadly strife ;
Make all angry passions cease,
Give, O give us gentle peace.

Let not War—the child of hell—
Cast o'er man its baleful spell ;
Still the angry nations' cry,
Hush, O hush, the widow's sigh.

Let not man with man contend,
But the cause of Peace defend ;
Still, O God, the orphans' cry,
Hush, O hush, each mother's sigh.

" Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Was once heard on hill and glen ;
Let the joyful song again
Wake us with its sweet refrain.

" Peace on earth,"—the glorious sound,
Shall from pole to pole resound ;
Then shall angry passions cease,
Man with man shall dwell in peace.

"KEEP US, AND GUIDE US."

KEEP us, and guide us, O Father,
In the path in which we should go;
Let not the wiles of the devil
Lead us through the portals of woe.

We know our souls are immortal,
And, although our bodies decay,
We may rise to glorious mansions
To an endless, eternal day.

The path cannot be mistaken,
The landmarks were written in blood
By One who was crownèd with thorns,
And Who died for us on the rood;

In death descended to hades,
And lay in the cold, silent grave,
Felt all the pangs of lost sinners,
That He might us ransom and save.

TO AN OLD LADY.

Jan. 1st, 1887.

On the first morning of the year
I wish you joy with heart sincere;
May earthly comfort thee surround,
And peace within thy heart abound.
May the dear Saviour Christ be near
To guide thy steps from year to year;
May He who makes the planets roll
Give joy and comfort to thy soul.
May children dear watch round thy bed,
Till thy sweet, gentle spirit's sped
From its frail tenement of clay
To dwell in everlasting day.
May you, on that bright, happy shore,
Meet dear ones who have gone before;
Join in sweet praises to the Lamb,
And the Ineffable I Am.
Again, thou agèd pilgrim dear,
I wish thee joy on the New Year;
May God, in mercy, keep thy soul,
Until His last dread thunders roll.

TO THE SAME.

Jan. 1st, 1888.

May joy and peace enwrap thee,
And be for ever thine;
May love, which passeth knowledge,
Thy heart and soul enshrine.

And may you, in life's journey,
If rough or smooth the road,
Have for thy daily guidance
The One True, living God.

Our days are evanescent,
With us they will not stay;
Since last I sent you greetings
A year has pass'd away.

Earth, with our joys and sorrows,
Will soon fade from our view;
Life is a talent lent us,
Our spirits to renew.

The future is advancing,
Eternity unrolls;
The Christ, the King, is pleading
For our immortal souls.

For us, the King, the Shiloh,
Was nail'd upon the Tree;
He bled for our redemption,
And died on Calvary.

He died: O wondrous story,
Unfathomable love!
He rose, and is now pleading
For us in realms above.

O joy, sweet peace, and gladness,
O bliss beyond compare,
When the redeem'd, in Jesus,
His happy home will share!

TAM.

It lang has been my wish, Tam,
To write you a letter,
That you, my ancient frien', Tam,
Might become my debtor.

Sae I gat pen and ink, Tam,
In guid Scotch prose to write,
When my muse stepet ben, Tam,
And said she wad indite.

My heart it gae a loup, Tam,
To hear her speak sae saft ;
I feart her gentle smile, Tam,
Wi' joy wad send me daft.

I set me doon at ance, Tam,
To let her hae her way,
And put in black and white, Tam,
Whatever she might say.

She likes me to sit doon, Tam,
And gie my thoughts in rhyme,
Forgetfu' o' the past, Tam,
And o' the present time.

To let sweet fancy rove, Tam,
Mid worlds that are unseen ;
To sport amang the spheres, Tam,
And pastures ever green.

To hae a passing glint, Tam,
O' yon bright, better world,
Where Time will be na mair, Tam,
Eternity unfurl'd.

I never ken afore, Tam,
What she is gan to say ;
It may be vera grave, Tam,
Or, ablins, vera gay.

When she is in the mood, Tam,
I let her hae her swing ;
I maunna interfere, Tam,
Or else she winna sing.

It may be o' the airth, Tam,
Or af anither world ;
And then, wi' joy, I write, Tam,
When her sweet wing's unfurl'd.

Sometimes she will begin, Tam,
In a grand, clinking style ;
And, ere a verse is penned, Tam,
Refuse on me to smile.

She is a skittish jaud, Tam,
Aboon my puir control ;
But when she deigns to smile, Tam,
She wauks my inmost soul.

I've ken'd her start a sang, Tam,
In a light, blithesome strain,
Then sing af deadly strife, Tam,
On the embattled plain.

View the contending hosts, Tam,
Their life-blood dye the plain ;
The glazing eye o' death, Tam,
The dying and the slain.

Join in the squadrons' charge, Tam,
View the foe turn and fly;
The carnage, rout, despair, Tam,
And the last wailing cry.

Lead the forlorn hope, Tam,
Amid the cannons' roar;
Then sing o' love and peace, Tam,
When war shall be no more.

But sometimes she is dowff, Tam,
At ither times prolix,
Leads me beyond my ken, Tam,
Then leaves me in a fix.

But, lad, I ken her weel, Tam,
She winna me disgrace;
She hates the name o' prose, Tam,
And says sae to my face.

Sae, while she smiles on me, Tam,
The letter I will write,
Lest she again forget, Tam,
She promised to indite.

THE LETTER.

We twa are gettin' auld, Tam,
Our locks are scant and grey,
Which surely tells o' change, Tam,—
That here we canna stay.

We've wrinkles on our face, Tam,
Which were no' there o' yore;
Tho' mute, they're speaking loud, Tam,
Af a bright, better shore.

For this is no' our hame, Tam,
We're only lodgers here;
But when we reach the goal, Tam,
We'll dwell for ever there.

If we but trust in Christ, Tam,
Wi' heart and soul sincere,
He says He will provide, Tam,
And dight awa' ilk tear.

He died that we might live, Tam;
The lowly and the great
A' hae a hame prepared, Tam,
Beyond a' earthly state.

Each soul the Lord creates, Tam,
Is equal in his sight,—
The beggar in his rags, Tam,
The lordling in his might.

The potentates o' airth, Tam,
Wha reign wi' royal state,
Must pay the debt o' sin, Tam,
Man's universal fate;

Which says—frae dust thou art, Tam,
And shall to dust return :
A' that hae lived and breathed, Tam,
Must cross the darksome bourn.

The thought should gie us joy, Tam,
To leave a' earthly pain ;
To thraw the mortal aff, Tam,
And the immortal gain.

Our eyes are no' sae bright, Tam,
As in our youthfu' days
We dookit in the Tweed, Tam,
And clamber'd on its braes.

We raced owre hill and dell, Tam,
Chasing the moth at e'en;
And watch'd the sun descend, Tam,
In bright, effulgent sheen.

We wander'd aft away, Tam,
In the calm ev'ning hours,
Owre monie a dewy mead, Tam,
In search o' bonnie flowers.

On the auld castle's height, Tam,
We pou'd the gowans fine,
And made grand daisy chains, Tam,
In days o' "Auld lang syne."

Those days hae pass'd away, Tam,
And now seem like a dream ;
But o' our youthfu' joys, Tam,
I aften get a gleam.

Our cheeks were ruddy then, Tam,
Riv'ling the peach in bloom ;
Now they are pale and wan, Tam,
Precursors o' the tomb.

But there we winna stay, Tam,
Our souls will hie away,—
To dwell in darkest night, Tam,
Or bright, eternal day.

When the great Judge o' a', Tam,
Will, on the judgment morn,
Bid the archangel blaw, Tam,
To wauk the myriads born.

The Son He will be there, Tam,
Wha died upon the Tree :
Not as a suppliant then, Tam,
But in grand majesty.

The rich, the poor, and great, Tam,
Will a' be judged aright ;
Some in His presence dwell, Tam,
Some banish'd frae His sight.

The dead in Christ will rise, Tam,
Wi' joy and peace serene,
And view creation's wreck, Tam,
The last dissolving scene.

The damn'd—but now I'll stay, Tam—
I seem to hear their cries
As they are doom'd to hell, Tam,
In sight o' Paradise.

When I first left my hame, Tam,
'Twas on a springtide morn,
In the bright month o' May, Tam,
When blooms the sweet hawthorn.

Oh ! I was dowff and dool, Tam,
Leaving the banks o' Tweed,
And friens I loo'd sae weel, Tam,
Made my young heart to bleed.

Alas ! where are they now, Tam,
Wha kick'd wi' us the ba',
Maist lie aneath the sod, Tam,
And some are far awa'.

But we are hale and weel, Tam,
Gat wife and bairns, and a' ;
May we thank God for that, Tam,
And keepin' us sae braw.

May we a' meet aboon, Tam,
And greet each ither there ;
Tho' here our forms are bent, Tam,
They'll then be straight and fair.

While in the land o' hope, Tam,
O strive to win the prize ;
The bright pearl o' great price, Tam,
A hame in Paradise.

'Tis open to us a', Tam,
For God ye ken is Love,
And has prepared a hame, Tam,
A bonnie hame above.

If here we trust in Him, Tam,
Wha died upon the Tree,
We'll dwell wi' Him aboon, Tam,
Throughout eternity.

The friens' you loo sae dear, Tam,
May God smile on them a' ;
On Jean, your couthie wife, Tam,
May sweetest blessings fa'.

May your young son and heir, Tam,
Your ae wee, lambie boy,
Do credit to your name, Tam,
And be his mither's joy.

May he grow up to be, Tam,
An honest man and true ;
Ne'er make you blush wi' shame, Tam,
His mither's heart ne'er rue.

May you baith lean on him, Tam,
In your declining days ;
Go with you and your Jean, Tam,
To the same House o' Praise.

And when the end is near, Tam,
Be near to close your eyes,
In sure and certain hope, Tam,
To meet in Paradise.

Do laddies dook as aft, Tam,
As we did in the Tweed ?
Or do they only now, Tam,
In paths o' knowledge tread ?

Nae doot they ken far mair, Tam,
Than either you or I ;
My ignorance is great, Tam,
And aften makes me sigh.

For I was unco slow, Tam,
At learning A B C ;
And never yet could reach, Tam,
The simple Rule o' Three.

Tho' lowly our degree, Tam,
We're pairt o' a grand plan ;
So let us aye uphaud, Tam,
The dignity o' man.

If the heart's fu' o' guile, Tam,
The richest will be poor ;
The poorest will be rich, Tam,
If bless'd wi' heav'nly store.

For God He judges not, Tam,
Like either you or I ;
He kens our inmost thoughts, Tam,
And hears our faintest sigh.

But learnin' it is grand, Tam ;
It opens to the eyes
The beauties o' the earth, Tam,
And wonders o' the skies.

Waukens the soul to life, Tam,
Ennobles heart and mind,
If it be used aright, Tam,—
For God, and a' mankind.

Sheds roun' a brighter light, Tam,
Emits a purer ray ;
And what was dark as night, Tam,
Is made as bright as day.

Examine at your feet, Tam,
The wee, lovely flower ;
It shews the Hand o' God, Tam,
His Almighty power.

In countless worlds above, Tam,
We see His glorious Hand ;
In microscopic life, Tam,
And in a grain o' sand.

He makes the snaw to fa', Tam,
And sends the summer rain ;
The hills in verdure clothes, Tam,
And beautifies the plain.

The flow'rets, by command, Tam,
Spread open to the sun ;
And hide again their heads, Tam,
When their sweet duty's done.

The thunder is His voice, Tam,
His whisper is the breeze ;
He makes the oak rejoice, Tam,
And a' the forest trees.

His majesty is seen, Tam,
In insect, fruit, and flow'r :
Infinity of love, Tam,
Illimitable pow'r.

We breathe but by His will, Tam,
Our life is no' our ain;
But is a talent lent, Tam,
Which He will claim again.

My love to friens at Wark, Tam,
To Adam, Jean, and a';
Tell them that I am weel, Tam,
That wife and bairns are braw.

Gie my respects to John, Tam,
My auld frien', "John the Bee;"
To Kattie Ord, and Scott's, Tam,
Whenever you them see.

Forget not sister Ann, Tam,
And a' at Leatham Hill;
I hope their hairst is guid, Tam,
And will their garners fill.

That sheep and kine are free, Tam,
Frae foot and mouth disease;
And that the earth's products, Tam,
Will a' the farmers please.

May they gie praise to Him, Tam,
Wha sent baith sun and show'rs
To ripen weel the grain, Tam,
And beautify the flow'rs.

Without God's loving care, Tam,
His Omniscient pow'r,
The dew wad no' descend, Tam,
Nor fa' the gentle show'r.

He makes the winds to blaw, Tam,
The sun aboon to shine;
The mountains and the plains, Tam,
Proclaim He is divine.

The ocean's mighty depths, Tam,
He hauds within His Hand;
The sun, the moon, and stars, Tam,
Obey His high command.

If, while we are on earth, Tam,
We put our trust in Him,
He will surround our beds, Tam,
Wi' guards o' Seraphim.

Then guide us in the end, Tam,
(Owre death's dread, darksome bourn),
To a bright hame aboon, Tam,
Where we will cease to mourn.

When love, sweet joy, and peace, Tam,
Will reign for evermore;
Where the redeem'd in Christ, Tam,
Will meet to part no more.

It has been sweetest joy, Tam,
To write o' childhood's days
In rude and rustic rhyme, Tam,
But breathing heartfelt praise.

I canna gie my thoughts, Tam,
In elegance o' style,
But you will find them free, Tam,
Frae a' deceit and guile.

Grand words are no' the test, Tam,
To prove the heart sincere,
But deeds o' love and truth, Tam,
Sweet virtue to revere.

The purest and the best, Tam,
Is when it does impart
To ithers joy and peace, Tam,
Frae breathings o' the heart.

The humblest words may prove, Tam,
The highest thoughts o' a',
If frae a life o' sin, Tam,
They wean a soul awa'.

My muse is sair forfairn, Tam,
  Forjesket and distrest,
And begs I'll write na mair, Tam,
  She wants a little rest.

Besides, she says you are, Tam,
  Deeply now her debtor,
And will compose na mair, Tam,
  Till you send a letter.

Sae I will now subscribe, Tam,
  Wi' a spirit fervent,
To be your dear auld frien', Tam,
  And your humble servant.

A VERA GHAISTLY TALE.

[The hero of the following tale appears to have indulged rather too freely in the "Mountain dew" of which he sings, although he takes care to tell us that he only took enough "To keep me warm." He, however, lets the cat out of the bag when he describes certain uninvited visitors. He says of them that "A' were blue," a description which clearly proves that alcohol had deranged the even balance of his brain. Further on we read—

> "If no' the deil, I muckle fear
> 'Twas mither's coo."

And again—

> "For it had horns and tail as well."

Our hero infers that because the creature possessed horns and a tail, it may have been the great enemy of mankind! But we arrive at the climax when, after a "Night of it" with his friend Jock, it is recorded—

> "Wi' sober gait I cross'd the yaird,
> "But somehow slipped on grassy swaird,
> "And their I lay," &c.

It was while lying on the "grassy swaird" that the visions

> "Sae fu' o' pleasure and o' pain,"

flashed across his brain. We will now leave him to tell his own tale, trusting that those who follow his somewhat discursive and devious wanderings will treat his shortcomings with gentleness, and that they will avoid the evils

to which he succumbed. Should our readers be visited by visions of the night, we trust that they will be of that happy character described elsewhere in the poem—

"My mind was fu' o' heartfelt glee
" To witness their felicity," &c.]

O Hielan' Johnnie, Johnnie Beggs,[1]
Your mountain dew, frae whisky kegs,
I fear it took me aff my legs
Ae awsome night;
Now a puir sinner humbly begs,
And asks—was't right?

I ken your bree is vera guid,
I've tried it aft in time o' need,
And taen it till its made my heid
A bittie sair:
Stuck to the bottle till indeed
There was na mair.

Conscience, which first frae heav'n did spring,
When it's kept pure, it winna sting,
Has aften whisper'd—whisky fling
Into the sink;
And now I ask—Great whisky king,
What do you think?

I ask—wil't mak' the brain mair clear,
Our pouches fill wi' gowden gear;
Or will it—but I muckle fear
It clouds the mind.
I therefore ask my bold compeer
To hae't defined.

And I will tell him what I saw
When I drank whisky neat and raw,
The awfu' things which did befa'
His humble servant;
In poesy, tho' it isna' braw,
He'll own is fervent.

My drouthy friens, I pray tak' heed,
If you this ghaistly tale should read;
Digest it weel when you hae freed
Frae it the rubbish.
It may, wha kens, dee you some guid
Afore you finish.

Ye canty chiels, wha like a splore,
And o' guid health lay little store,
Tak' tent lest you bring to your door
Deep misery:
Join now my friens—yon sober core—
Wha drink Bohea.

The wisest course, I think you'll own,
Is a' strong liquors to disown ;
They sometimes mak' the wise a drone,
Sad sight to see ;
Na penitence can then atone,
Or pleasure gie.

But now I'll try to tell the tale,
Which, at the time, did me sae quail ;
Ev'n now my spirit seems to fail
When I think on't,
As, in deep thought, I backward sail
Right to the point.

Ae stormy night, 'mang wind and rain,
I dander'd oot a' by my lane,
When, in my lug, I heard a grane,
A waefu' sound :
It seem'd to come, wi' fear and pain,
Frae oot the ground.

It didna seem like mortal groan,
But mair like a lost spirit's moan,
Doom'd to yon het and torrid zone,
O dreadfu' place !
If ance you're there, a' hope is gone,
Nae chance o' grace.

Af Scotland's hills I had a view,
And they seem'd neither green nor blue;
But a strange weird, uncannie hue
Illum'd the scene,
Which made the beads o' deathly dew
Drap owre my een.

The Gillies' Nick lay black in gloom,[2]
Which made my head, wi' fear, to soom,
When, frae the north, I heard a boom
Like distant thunner:
I feart it was the day o' doom,
It did sae dunner.

Af that Kirkyerd I winna tell,
No, not by missal, book, or bell;
It look'd sae dreadfu' like to—well—
I was deleeret;
But truth is best, sae I maun tell
I'd taen some speerit.

Wi' whisky I'd been a bit free,
I, af Scotch Gillies, had taen three;
Eneugh to weet just ilka ee,
To keep me warm;
But canty chiels will a' agree
'Twould dee nae harm.

But what *was* wrang, I'd taen some beer,
And that, nae doot, had made me queer;
For af the whisky, I'm quite clear
It was a' right;
I'd tried the same, for monie a year,
On ilka night.

But a' things roun' look'd unco strange,
And did my *sober* thoughts derange;
I feart I hadna got my change
Quite clear that night,
When roun' I let my vision range—
I saw a sight!

Portentious omens met my view,
Which, in a circle, closer drew,—
Thousands o' imps, and a' were blue,
Which made me fear;
Tho' nane had ever seen me fou'
On that New Year.

But I maun own the year was young;
Twa nights before its birth we sung,
And the auld rafters shook and rung
Wi' our wild laughter;
We thoughtna' af the wifie's tongue,
The scolding after.

Tho' there is na harm in a glass,
If owre oor lips na ither pass ;
But then, you see, we aft trespass,
And tak' anither :
And the result—each is an ass,
A' fools thegether.

I feart the company I did see
Had met that night to punish me,
Because I'd taen a sup o' brie,
Ca'd whisky toddy ;
But than the drappie was sae wee,
'Twould hurt naebody.

They mouth'd, they gib'd, they lap'd, they sprang,
Demoniac laughter roun' me rang ;
And when a dizen on me sprang,
And held me tight,
I ken'd that there was something wrang
Wi' me that night.

They forced me on to my left knee,
And doon my throat pour'd fiery brie,
The rest a' gather'd roun' to see,
And hear me moan ;
And danc'd in highest ecstasy
At ilka groan.

Each pointed at me in deep scorn,
As if a sot I had been born;
But sic a lot wad ilk suborn
To onie lee;
Tho' sometimes I hae stay'd till morn
On a bit spree.

The Hough—frae Wark to Cornhill—[3]
Wi' fear and wonder did me fill:
It seem'd sae like a mighty kiln
O' lurid fire.
The Tweed, by the same cantrip skill,
Bore portents dire.

Past the Boathoose, on the Tweed brae,—[4]
Where, as a laddie, I did play,
And in young manhood aft would stray
In the gloamin',—
A weird procession took its way
To the Loanin'.[5]

I gazed, wi' fear and awfu' dread,
On the foul phantoms o' the dead;
The claes o' death, in monie a shred,
Aboot them hung:
The sight was ane o' awfu' dread,
And made me dumb.

Their glassy een at me did stare,
But soul or sense didna seem there:
A' that was lovely, sweet, and fair,
Had pass'd away:
The horrid phantom o' despair
Did wi' them stay.

They croon'd a weird, unearthly strain,
As if in fear, or dreadfu' pain;
To close my een, I then was fain,
Frae their sad plight:
When I look'd up, the ghaistly train
Was still in sight.

They circled thrice the Castle wa',[6]
And where ance stood the Western Raw,[7]
But which has lang been swept awa
Wi' monie mae:
Owre it the wintry winds now blaw,
And bairnies play.

Wi' fear they look'd upon the Lough,[8]
In which was heard an angry sough,
As if beneath there was a slough
Wi' demons there,
Trying to break frae oot the trough
To upper air.

The Castle seem'd a' in a bleeze,
Dread wailing cries cam' on the breeze,
The Willow-beds—auld knarl'd trees—[9]
Ceased to quiver:
My vera innards seem'd to freeze,
Couldna' shiver.

The Gallow's Hill was a' in flame,[10]
The Lambs' Knowe, it was just the same;[11]
And close at hand, upon the Kame,[12]
I heard a croon:
I feart it was the deil come hame
To our auld toon.

The Lough, which ance was a deep moat
To keep the Castle frae the Scot,
Now teem'd wi' imps—a hellish lot—
A' in high glee;
And in their centre was a pot
O' barley-bree.

But, oh! it was het, fiery stuff,
The lowes cam' oot wi' sic a fluff,
Which put them a' in a bit huff
For a minute;
But to get mair did girn and cuff
As dementit.

Tho' they drank deep, they were na fou',
But livid flames cam' frae each mou',
Lurid, and o' brunstanian hue,
Awfu' to see:
I feart that I mysel' might rue,
Wi' drinkin' free.

Sic' awfu' sight I then did see,
Roun' that big pot o' barley-bree,
As made my vera heart to dree,
My hair turn white:
I swoor, a sober chiel to be
Frae that dread night.

Ae drunken loon—Bacchus by name—
Was like a tongue o' lowen flame;
And o' his state he had na shame,
A menseless sot,
When, wi' a yell, which froze my wame,
Loupt in the pot.

The impish lot set up a skirl,
Which made my puir sair head to dirl,
When roun' the pot they a' did swirl,
Wi' lightning speed;
And in the caudron a' did birl,
Oh, dreadfu' deed!

The lowen brie did hiss and bubble,
The demons howl'd, and brunt like stubble;
Sae I then tried—or else my double—
To set them free;
But in the pot was sic a hubble,
I had to flee.

There was ae chiel among the rest,
Sat gloomy, sad, and sair opprest:
The cares o' state I saw confest,
Wi' half an ee.
He drank the maist (tho' no wi' zest)
O' fiery brie.

In his grand face I still saw there
Remains of what was noble, fair;
But on his brow sat canker'd care,
A darkened cloud:
Deep, unutterable despair
Did him enshroud.

I couldna, frae my heart, but feel
For our auld enemy, the deil,
Wha tried, in heaven, to higher speel,
But downward fell:
Ambition stamp'd the final seal,
Doom'd him to hell.

The prince o' evil—sad to tell—
In heavenly mansions ance did dwell,
Till pride his heart began to swell,
Insensate fool!
Angels o' light he dragg'd to hell,
And endless dool.

He held high command in Heaven,
And frae there wad ne'er been driven,
If, in pride, he hadna striven
For the first place;
We now a' ken where he is livin'
In dire disgrace.

There, he has raised himsel' a throne,
And reigns o'er an extensive zone;
Sae if he'll leave us a' alone,
There he may stay;
A' partnership wi' him disown
This vera day.

Young lads and lassies, warning take,
Let not ambition you elate;
For you might rue when its too late,
Like the puir deil;
Tho' its a' right if you gang straight
To higher speel.

My youthfu' friens, I beg, I pray,
Frae virtue's paths O dinna stray :
A' ither roads, the Beuk doth say,
Will you mislead.
Ance angels tried,— ah, lack-a-day !—
For which we bleed.

There's monie pleasures to be found
That make your hearts wi' joy rebound—
Innocent, and no' profound,
To please you a' :
I like mysel', to swell the sound
In a hizza.

In gazing on a youthfu' face,
A well o' joy I love to trace ;
A merry heart will ne'er disgrace
The work o' God.
A canker'd spirit may deface
Its fair abode.

But now ance mair I'll to my tale,
Ere it gets cauld, or, mebbie, stale ;
I wadna like you a' to rail,
Ca' me a fool :
My gentle muse hersel wad quail
Wi sorrow dool.

The deil in anguish tore his hair,
He gnash'd his teeth in wild despair :
The sight was mair then I could bear,
And I did swoon.
When I awoke, and roun' did stare,
I saw the moon.

Her crescent horn was owre Shedlaw,[13]
Which is frae Wark a mile or twa,
Where I lang labour'd hard awa'
When a callant ;
And kiss'd the lassies in the Ha'
Like a gallant.

I'th Ladies' Walk[14]— that awfu' night—
I saw a bonnie, bonnie sight :
A lassie braw dress'd a' in white,
Wha smiled on me.
When she evanish'd frae my sight,
My heart was dree.

I sought her on the banks o' Tweed,
Through the hale toon and farmstead ;
And to the place where lies the dead,
I went wi' awe.
When I cam' back, my heart did bleed
Wi' what I saw.

In dool, I clamb the Castle hill,
Then veil'd my face, and lang lay still:
On the green swaird I grat my fill.
O wae! O wae!
Ae time I thought it wad me kill,
Or send me fley.

Oh! I was dowff, my heart was sair,
I beat my breast, and pou'd my hair,
Till hope vouchsafe'd a vision fair;
Oh! it was grand,
When she unveil'd an upward stair
To a bright land.

Its base was resting on the Loan, [15]
(About twa hundred yerds frae home:
I frae the Lough could thraw a stone
Wi' perfect ease.)
When at its foot I heard a groan,
My blood did freeze.

It was the deil wha moan'd sae sair,
Because he couldna climb the stair;
Again he howl'd, and tore his hair,
Awfu' to see.
I'd like'd to gien him, if I'd dare,
An upward gee.

The rich, the poor, the great, were there,
A' striving hard to speel that stair;
Some gat half way, then roun' did stare,
And tumbled down:
Some to the top speel'd up a' fair,
And gat a crown.

They enter'd then a bonnie town,
Where ilka ane put on his crown;
Their paths were a' wi' posies strown,
Lovely and bright.
And a' had on a robe or gown
O' dazzling white.

Nae pain or sorrow entered there,
Nae fear o' death, or pale-faced care;
The auld became youthfu' and fair,
Those gates within.
Nae evil thing can speel that stair,
Or enter in.

When ae foot touch'd the ither shore,
And ane was still outside the door,
A glorious change was coming o'er
Each mortal wight:
Bright immortality before
Burst on their sight.

My mind was fu' o' heartfelt glee
To witness their felicity,
Whose highest pleasure is to gie
To ithers joy;
Sic happiness, I plain could see,
Wad never cloy.

It was a bright, sweet, heav'nly scene,
Where a' was joy, and love serene;
A' shone wi' gold, and silvery sheen,
Glorious and fair.
To reach that land o' pastures green
Was the steep stair.

The weans, lang pairted frae their mither,
Forgather there wi' ane anither;
Frien' meets frien', and brither, brither,
To pairt na mair.
Husband and wife there dwell thegether
For evermair.

I saw them join a mighty thrang,
When a' burst oot in glorious sang;
Doon the staircase their voices rang,
Joyous to hear.
I wonder'd if it wad be lang
Ere I gat there.

Next I was shown the place o' woe,
Where the rebellious hae to go;
Nae stair was there to gang below
To their weird doom.
They were struck doon, at ae dread blow,
To blackest gloom.

Sae now the vision I will tell,
Which was unveiled in nether hell;
The dreadfu' fate I saw befell
Each drunken sot.
May ilk ane tak' it to himsel',
And shun their lot.

On earth they loved the sparkling bowl,
The spirit-stirring alcohol:
The price they paid was wi' their soul,
When death had won;
And, while eternity shall roll,
They are undone.

Alas! it was an awfu' scene
That burst on my astonish'd een;
In that dread place, na lovely sheen
Greeted my sight,
But visions o' the dread unseen
Did me affright.

O may sic awfu' sights again
Ne'er glide athwart my fevered brain;
On my puir mind the dreadfu' strain
Near snapp'd the thread,
Which links me to this world o' pain
On which we tread.

My mind it couldna grasp the woe,
The awfu' sights I saw below,
Or words define, or pictures show,
The gloom o' hell.
O may na frien', or I, ere go
Where devils dwell.

I view'd a lurid, darksome plain,
Far larger than the earth's domain;
On it I saw the millions slain
By the cursed drink.
And when I heard their cries o' pain,
In fear did shrink.

Methought I heard, in gloomy hell,
The lofty anthem's rolling swell,
Proclaiming bliss no tongue can tell,—
The depths o' love
Af One who died that we might dwell
With Him above.

Bright visions o' the heav'nly main
Flitted across my frenzied brain :
Visions o' bliss, a joyous strain
Frae saints above,
Singing the glorious refrain
Af "God is Love."

The damn'd they gazed, wi' stony glare,
When the sweet mnsic fill'd the air ;
They saw and heard, but had na share
In the sweet sound :
To them the demon o' despair
Was closely bound.

For water, water, they did crave,
Their parchèd throats and tongues to lave;
But not a drop was there to save,
Or ease their pain.
And through eternity they'll rave
For it in vain.

I saw pitfalls on left and right,
Behind, before, hid frae their sight ;
And o'er each ane a bonnie light
To lure them on.
Likewise a phantom streamlet bright
Before them shone.

It shone like a clear, ripplin' stream,
Af which we sometimes catch a gleam ;
Now out, now in, like a sunbeam
Frae cloudy sky.
But 'twas like monie an earthly scheme,—
A sham, a lie !

In hell's dread lair, each drouthy soul
For evermair his thirst must thole ;
In Lethe's river a' must roll,
It is their dree.
Bathe in a stream o' alcohol,
Het, fiery brie.

Wi' frienzied looks they haste to drink,
Nor stand an instant on its brink ;
But in they plunge, and doon they sink
To blackest gloom.
Be sober, wise : let us bethink
The drunkard's doom.

The flames shed roun' a lurid light,
Illumed the darkness o' the night,
While horrid phantoms did affright
My trembling soul ;
When a' at ance they sank frae sight
Wi' a dread howl.

Beneath were caudrons, deep and dread,
O' boiling pitch and molten lead,
To be their everlasting bed
On which to lie :
A lowen pillow for the head,
And never die.

Frae hell's abyss—Hades dread lair—
Loud wailing cries now rent the air ;
I feart that I wad never mair
See light o' day.
I howl'd mysel', in wild despair,
And blank dismay.

What next I saw, I maunna tell,
My tongue is bound by dreadfu' spell ;
And when I heard the awfu' yell,
My heart stood still.
It seem'd sae like the final knell,
And made me ill.

The prince o' hell he was no' there,
For he was then in upper air,
Prowling and prying everywhere
In search o' prey :
He shuns the light, and the bright glare
O' the noonday.

He sometimes tempts the youthfu' mind
Wi' pleasures sweet, mebbie, refined;
But, hid within, a hook's confined—
We canna see.
And then, alas! too late we find
Our sorrow dree.

Perhaps some pleasure he'll propose,
Sweet to the sense as damask rose;
But it will only lead to woes
If it's no' right:
Abjure him in braid Scottish prose,
And he'll tak flight.

And when you think he is no' near.
Then is the time there's maist to fear;
He may be whispering in your ear
Some cursèd lie.
His blandishments, O dinna hear,
But frae him fly.

He ranges roun' the bonnie earth,
And none are safe, or free frae scaith;
He's always near,—at birth, or death,
If chance there be.
But frae the Christian's latèst breath
Doth howling flee.

It's then he kens there is a God,
And fears His sin-avenging rod.
Af guilt he bears an awfu' load,
Naething can wash :
He trembles at the dread abode
For sins sae rash.

The time will come when he'll be bound,
Then hell will wi' his wails resound ;
But may nae place for us be found
In his dread lair :
Here let us drap an anchor sound
Near the steep stair.

When the weird vision pass'd away,
On the auld Castle still I lay,
And frae my heart I couldna pray,
I was sae sad.
I gazed aroun' in wild dismay
On scenes sae sad.

The hoose, where I was born, was doon,[16]
Wi' half, or mair than half, the toon :
Again I heard the dreadfu' croon
Upon the Kame.
I had a dwam, and tumbled doon,
Which shook my frame.

My canty friens, I tell you fairly
My heart was sad, and that right sairly,
To find the hoose I lov'd sae dearly
Clean oot o' sight.
I'd sent my son to sketch it rarely [17]
In black and white.

I gazed aroun' for the auld biggin,
I saw a wa, but no' the riggin' :[18]
No' eneugh to put a pig in,
My heart was wae.
I'd like to gien the loon a whiggin',
Wha took't away.

The tears they drapt frae ilka ee
As I laid there in misery,
When there cam' whooping owre the lea,
The third dread croon ;
But I had then na strength to flee
Frae the auld toon.

The clock struck twal—I mind it weel—
When owre the knowe there seem'd to speel
A "something," which I thought the deil—
It look'd sae black :
My heart it gied an unco chill,
And nearly brak.

The shape cam' doon near Gallows' hill
(Where cadgers ance a bairn did kill:
On the cauld stanes its blood did spill
Wi' murd'rous knife.
I wish I had been there to shiel',
Its wee bit life.)

It didna stap, it didna stay,
But on it cam' in dread array:
To right, or left, it didna stray.
No, not an inch.
I wonder'd, should it come my way,
If I wad flinch.

It nearer cam,' and I could tell
That it had horns, and tail as well:
I feart it was the deil himsel'
Wi' cloven hoof;
I wiss't I was baith safe and well
'Neath my ain roof.

Its muckle een did glower and glare,
As if a lowen coal was there;
Ev'n seem'd to scent the murky air
Wi' brunstane smell:
I thought it just had come frae where
I winna tell.

Oh! it is awfu' now to think,
That he, who gied the world a jink,
Was then sae near that he could clink
Me owre his shouther,
And hae me aff, ere I could wink
To frien' or brither.

I couldna speak, I couldna pray,
I couldna stan', or rin away;
I tint my reason it was fley
That awfu' night.
And that I wad be cauld as clay
Ere mornin' light.

Its big, black form now owre me stood;
It chill'd my heart, and froze my blood,
And yet I thought it chew'd the cood,
Which eased my mind:
I ne'er had heard that hornie's brood
Was bovine kind.

But, wad ye believet, there twa or three
Hae tauld me its a thumpin' lee,
And that the fine auld barley-bree
O' Johnnie Beggs
Made me sae fou, I couldna see,
Or keep my legs.

But I'll tak' my aith, wi' conscience clear,
I've no' been fou for monie a year ;
And, if no' the deil, I muckle fear
T'was mither's coo :
I'd lately seen her grazing near
And heard her "moo."

For on that night I'd met a frien'—
A canty Scot as ere was seen,
And we just wat each ither's een,
But naething mair :
We were baith sober as a queen
I'll *nearly* swear.

Jock says he kens it was na' true
I, on that night, was roaring fou ;
But that the drap o' mountain dew
Had turn'd my stammach,
Because the whisky was sae new
It raised the colic.

I canna think that he is wrang,
We owre oor drappie sat sae lang ;
And wiled the time wi' crack and sang
Sae blithe that night ;
And when we thought to hameward gang
I was a' right.

I mind Jock sung, wi' unco' zest,
A bonnie sang I loo'd the best,—
Composed by ane lang gone to rest—
Scotch Robbie O !
Which on my memory stands confest,
" My Nannie O ! "

Wi' sober gait I cross'd the yaird,
But, *somehow*, slipp'd on grassy swaird ;
And there I lay till Tam the Laird
Cam doit'rin by.
He swoor I was a drunken caird,
And there might lie.

There, visions swept across my brain,
Sae fu' o' pleasure and o' pain.
Upon the evil I was fain
To close my een ;
But gazed wi' joy upon the plain
O' pastures green.

Alas ! the demon alcohol
Owre the puir body gains control :
And young and auld do sometimes roll
O'er death's dark bourn,
Where, we are told, the drunkard's soul
In hell will burn.

So says the Beuk—divine record—
The Beuk which lights the heav'nly road,
Where saints and martyrs a' hae trod
To realms above;
Where dwells, in glorious abode,
The Fount o' Love.

The young, the auld, the rich, the poor,
May reach that bright, eternal shore,
If, while on earth, their lives are pure,
Contrite in heart:
God leads them, by a pathway sure,
Na mair to part.

(1) "Johnnie Beggs." -A noted distiller of whisky."

(2) "The Gillies' Nick lay black in gloom."—The Gillies' Nick is a disused burying ground on the west side of the village of Wark, in Northumberland. As a boy the author had a great dread of passing it, there being many strange and weird tales told in connection with the spot.

(3) "The Hough—frae Wark to Cornhill."—The Hough is on the east side of the village of Wark, and extends for about two miles along the south bank of the river Tweed in the direction of the village of Cornhill.

(4) "Past the Boathoose on the Tweed brae."—The Boathouse is on the west of the village, and on the south bank of the Tweed.

(5) "A weird procession took its way to the Loanin'."—The Loaning is a gentle rising ground on the south of the village, where the cottagers' cows are turned out to graze.

(6) "They circled thrice the Castle wa'."—Wark Castle—an ancient stronghold, now in ruins.

(7) "And where ance stood the Western Raw."—The Western Row—a number of houses once standing at the west end of the village, now pulled down.

(8) "Wi' fear they look'd upon the Lough."—The Lough—supposed to have been a deep moat enclosing the Castle on three sides, the east, west, and south, whilst the river Tweed enclosed the north side.

(9) "The Willow-beds—auld knarl'd trees."—A cluster of trees about half-a-mile on the west of the village, now nearly all swept away by Father Time.

(10) "The Gallows' Hill."—On the west of the village, where it is supposed prisoners from the Castle were hanged. In ploughing the land human bones have been disinterred.

(11) "The Lambs' Knowe."—About half a mile on the south-east of the village.

(12) "The Kame."—A narrow ridge close to Gillies' Nick.

(13) "Shedlaw."—A village about a mile and a half on the west side of the village of Wark.

(14) "Ladies' Walk."—A beautiful retired spot on the north side of the Castle, and overlooking the Tweed.

(15) "The Loan."—Same as "Loanin'."

(16) "The Hoose, where I was born, was doon."—Wark was once a large, thriving village, but more than one half of it has either fallen or been pulled down.

(17) "I'd sent my son to sketch it rarely."—A fact.

(18) "I saw a wa', but no' the riggin."—A wall had been built with the stones from the old house.

A FEW FRAGMENTS.

[In revising the original manuscript of a "Vera Ghaistly Tale," I excluded the following verses from the poem, but as they touch on subjects on which I feel very strongly,—especially on the shocking and senseless habit of swearing, a habit, the most inveterate swearer must own, of no good to himself or anyone. I am, therefore, anxious to give my views on the matter, and if any of my readers indulge in that which takes away from them the true dignity of MAN, I sincerely hope they will turn over a new leaf, and "Swear not at all." THE AUTHOR.]

I'll now digress, and say how wrang
It is to leave our wives sae lang,
Brooding o'er slights, while we, wi' sang,
Care no' a whistle;
But when we're hame, she gies a stang,
Sharp as a thistle.

If husbands wad but stay at hame,
Ilk wi' their bonnie, couthie dame,
And no' hunt after ither game,
Or ither's wives,
There would soon burn a purer flame,
Holier lives.

It is a sad, a waefu' sight,
When man, endow'd wi' heav'nly light,
Loses a' sense o' what is right,
Becomes a sot:
(God keep me aye frae sic a plight,
Frae sic a lot.)

Besides the ruin to himsel',
He drags his dear ones doon as well:
Wife, children, a': oh! sad to tell,
Awfu' to think;
Beneath a pump he ought to dwell,
His bed, the sink.

Owre man Drink gains an awfu' power,
Drags him doon aye deeper, lower;
Till, to resist, he has na power,
To pass it by;
And, at the last, he's glad to cower
In a pig-stye.

The drunkard, sae the Beuk doth tell,
Will be condemn'd to nether hell;
Where with foul devils he will dwell
In Hades' gloom.
Death sounds his last eternal knell—
His final doom.

The deil himsel' collects the toll,
His revenue on alcohol;
The price man pays is wi' his soul
In barter fair;
But while eternity shall roll
He'll curse him sair.

Digressing a wee bittie mair,
That you my inmost thoughts may share,
On what has aften hurt me sair
In heart and soul,
When I hear men and women swear
Wi' language foul.

'Tis a dishonour to our race,
And on true manhood a disgrace,
That we should try ere to debase
The gifts o' God:
Let us be wise, strive for a place
In His abode.

I couldna, if I tried, dare swear,
I view it wi' such trembling fear;
Ae aith wad haunt me monie a year
By night and day:
Its shade would never disappear,
But wi' me stay.

The young and auld a' ken right well
That swearing is the fruit o' hell,
And helps dread Hades' maw to swell
Wi' souls immortal,
Precursoring their final knell
At its dread portal.

It makes me shudder, start wi' fear,
When horrid oaths assail my ear :
It seems to taint the vera air
Wi' vapours foul,
As if they cam direct frae where
Puir devils howl.

It is indeed a hellish brew,
Which never fill'd a hungry mou',
Or brought pure pleasure sweet and new,
To heart or mind ;
Or the immortal soul updrew
Wi' thoughts refined.

It never help'd a soul to rise
To a bright hame in Paradise ;
But with the father af a' lies,
Drags it to hell,
Where, wi' the worm that never dies,
'Twill ever dwell.

I ask the young if it will raise
Their voice in the Creator's praise,
And the auld men, when darken'd days
Are drawing nigh,
Wi' soul and body in a maze,
They fear to die.

O 'tis a sad, a waefu' thing,
That lips, which should God's praises sing,
Do aft broadcast their curses fling,—
O wae! O wae!
But a' who swear will feel its sting
At the last day.

The angels weep, the Beuk doth tell,
When a puir soul is doom'd to hell:
O dinna make the tears to well
In heav'nly eyes;
But strive to hear the anthem swell
In Paradise.

Again I say, O dinna swear,
But frae thy mou' thy tongue out-tear
Rather then you should ever hear
Its mouthings foul:
Ask God His holy name to fear,
And save thy soul.

The voice divine,—God's highest gift—
Has owre the brutes gien us a lift:
O dinna show that you're unfit
For sic a boon;
Let heart and voice wi' praises flit
To Him aboon.

ON THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR, JUNE 22ND, 1887.

HAIL, VICTORIA!

Hail, Victoria, hail!—
We greet with joy
The advent of this day;
Evanish'd sorrow,
And dull care
Has fled away.

Hail, Victoria, hail!—
Belovèd Queen,
Our hearts are thine;—
May He, who guides
The Universe,

Enshrine,
And lead thee on
Unto the utmost verge
Of human life;
Then take thee Home
To dwell with dear ones
Who have gone before.

Hail, mighty Empress
And Queen!—
Thy name shall live
When this fair image
Of thyself
Has mingled with the dust:
Shall live, yea, shall live
Till time shall be no more!

GOD BLESS THE QUEEN.

A Jubilee Poem.

God bless the Queen, our gracious Queen,
On this auspicious day ;
Long may she reign our Empress Queen,
Her loving subjects pray.

When first the diadem was placed
Upon her regal brow,
She was a maiden, young and fair,
To whom all hearts did bow.

Fifty revolving years have pass'd,
Now silvery is her hair ;
Still in our hearts she reigns supreme
As when a maiden fair.

Her noble influence benign
Shines forth in every land :
The humble cry "God bless the Queen,"
By love she doth command.

The King of Kings has bless'd our Queen
Throughout her glorious reign ;
Been with her in her hours of joy,
In sorrow and in pain.

And in His wisdom He hath seen
Fit to afflict her sore:
Has taken dear ones from her side
To a bright, better shore.

From earth removed her hope, her joy,
Albert the good and wise;
Sweet Alice, Leopold—loving, true,
To mansions in the skies.

Prayers are breathed to God on High
From hearts and lips sincere,
Long, long to spare our gracious Queen,
Her diadem to wear:

Beseeching the eternal King
To lead her gently on,
Till she lays down her earthly crown
To meet around His throne

The dear ones who have pass'd away
To that bright, better world,
Where universal love abounds,
Eternity unfurl'd.

We love our Queen, our gracious Queen,
With pure, unselfish joy;
She won our hearts by loving deeds,
Which time can ne'er destroy.

Kingdom and kings have pass'd away
  Since she became our Queen,
But each bright jewel in her crown
  Shines with a brighter sheen.

Justice has been her sword and shield,
  The Holy One her guide ;
All those who put their trust in Him
  Will evermore abide.

Though mighty be our august Queen,
  And boundless her domains,
Her loving heart joys with our joys,
  And sorrows with our pains.

Vast continents obey her voice,
  Vast oceans own her sway ;
And distant isles hail her as Queen
  On each returning day.

The sun, upon Victoria's realms,
  Doth never cease to shine ;
And still her glory will increase,
  While trusting the Divine.

Peoples and nations bless her name ;
  The islands of the sea
Rejoice with Cape and Continent,
  And hail her Jubilee.

Mind—the reflection of the soul—
  Has, in her reign benign,
Advanced us in the social scale,
  In noble deeds to shine.

Beneath its bright, inspiring rays
  The light of truth divine,
Evolving gentle arts of peace,
  Doth purify, refine.

From pole to pole its chasten'd beams
  Have set the bondsmen free,
Destroyed the bigotry of creed,
  The curse of slavery.

Grand Institutions have been raised
  To elevate the mind
In sculpture, painting, music, song,
  Arts noble and refined.

Behold the piles! they rise to grace
  Our Monarch's Jubilee;
The offspring of a noble life
  Of peace and purity.

Science commands the lightning's flash,
  Guides it round earth and seas;
We speak, and lo! our voice is heard
  At the Antipodes.

The starry firmament it scales,
We mid its glories tread ;
The earth's foundations it explores,
The stony volumes read.

It bears us swiftly o'er the earth,
Across each stormy sea ;
And brings the nations of the earth
In closer amity.

Unveils the teeming forms of life
In ocean, earth, and air,
Proclaiming the Creator's hand,
His presence everywhere.

O'er all the Monarchs on the earth
Victoria reigns supreme ;
(O that the shade of Milton's muse
Inspired this lofty theme.)

The glorious Gospel has been spread
Beneath her fostering hand ;
The civilizing arts of peace
Arose at her command.

Behold the noble fabric rear'd
In eighteen-fifty-one,
A monument of lofty thought
To him whose work is done.

Not done: the light he shadow'd forth
Still burns with brighter flame,
Shedding fresh glory on our Queen,
And honour to his name.

Shine forth, sweet gentle spirit, shine;
Diffuse thy subtle powers
Till universal love abounds,
Like sunshine on the flowers.

Shine forth, shine forth, with light divine,
From England's happy shore;
Soar forth, with olive branch of peace,
Till war shall be no more.

Shine forth, thy noble work on earth
Is not yet nearly done;
Shine forth, until thy rays converge
In the millenial sun.

Again to Thee, Eternal King,
We plead on bended knee
For blessings on Victoria's reign,
Sweet joy and peace in Thee.

Shed Thy divinest blessings on
The dear ones of our Queen,
And teach the nations 'neath her sway
To trust Thee, tho' unseen.

Make them—Thy chosen—to exalt
  Thy names of Love and Peace,
Trusting in Thee, Thou King of kings,
  Their glory will increase.

God bless the Queen, our noble Queen,
  Upon her Jubilee;
Grant her an everlasting Crown
  Through all eternity.

GLOSSARY OF SCOTCH WORDS.

A', all.
Ablins, perhaps.
Aboon, above.
Aboot, about.
Adoon, adown.
Ae, one.
Af, of.
Ain, own.
Airth, earth.
Alane, alone.
Amang, among.
An', and,
Ance, once.
Aneath, beneath.
Anither, another.
Aroun', arouud.
Athole Brose, whisky and honey.
Auld, old.
Awa', away.
Awfu', awful.
Awsome, awful.
Ayont, beyond.
Ba', ball.
Bairn, child.
Bairnies, children.
Baith, both.
Barley-bree, malt liquor; also, whisky.
Befa', befall.
Ben, the inner apartment.
Bide, stay.
Biggen, house.
Bittie, a little.
Blaw, blow.

Bleeze, blaze.
Blether, nonsense.
Boathoose, boathouse.
Bonnie, beautiful.
Bonniest, prettiest.
Brae, a rising ground.
Braid, broad.
Braw, beautiful; quite well.
Brie, liquid.
Brithers, brothers.
Brunt, did burn.
Brunstane, brimstone.
Ca', call.
Callants, young lads.
Cam', came.
Canna, cannot.
Cannie, gentle.
Canty, cheerful; merry.
Carl, or carlin, a gruff old man.
Caudron, a cauldron.
Cauld, cold.
Chiel, a young fellow.
Claes, clothes.
Claid, clothed.
Claver, to talk foolishly,
Clinkin, cheerful style.
Coo, cow.
Coost, cast.
Core, corps; party.
Couldna, could not.
Couthie, cheerful; pleasing.
Croon, crown; five shillings.
Daft, foolish, weak-minded.
Dee, do.
Deil, devil.

Deleerit, delirious.
Dementit, mad; insane.
Didna, did not.
Dight, to wipe.
Dinna, do not.
Disjaskit, jaded; worn out.
Dizen, dozen.
Doiterin, to walk feebly.
Dook, to bathe.
Dooket, bathed.
Dool, sorrow; sorrowful.
Doon, down.
Doot, doubt.
Dowff, dull; low-spirited.
Drap, drop.
Drappie, very little.
Dreadfu', dreadful.
Dree, sorrow; to endure.
Drouthy, thirsty.
Dwam, a fainting fit.
Ee, the eye; een, the eyes.
E'en, evening.
Eneugh, enough.
Evermair, evermore.
Fa', fall.
Fac', fact.
Feart, fear'd.
Flee, to fly.
Fley, to frighten; to unhinge the mind.
Forfairn, very tired.
Forgetfu', forgetful.
Forjesket, worn out; dull.
Fou, drunk.
Frae, from.
Friens, friends.

Fu', full; quite well.
Gang, to go.
Gar, make.
Gat, got.
Gaun, gone; going.
Gear, riches; property.
Gettin' getting.
Ghaistly, ghostly.
Gie, to give.
Gied, gave.
Gien, given.
Glint, glimpse.
Gloamin', gloaming.
Glower, to stare; to look.
Gomeral, a fool; weak-minded.
Gowans, daisies.
Gowd, gold.
Gowden, golden.
Gran', grand.
Grane, groan.
Grat, wept.
Greet, to shed tears.
Greetin', weeping.
Guid, good.
Ha', hall.
Hadna, had not.
Hae, have; haet, have it.
Hale, whole.
Hame, home.
Han', hand.
Hauds, holds.
Heid, head.
Hersel', herself.
Het, hot.
Hoose, house.

Hubble, hubbub.
Ilk, each.
Ilka, each one.
Innards, intestines.
Ither, other.
Jaud, jade.
Keek, to peep.
Ken, to know; ken'd, knew.
Kittle, to tickle.
Knappin', breaking.
Lang, long.
Langer, longer.
Lap, did leap; lap'd, leapt.
Lassie, a girl; a young woman.
Learnin', learning.
Lee, lie.
Livin', living.
Loan, a lane; an enclosed road.
Loanin', same as loan.
Loo, love.
Loup, to jump.
Lowes, flames.
Lug, ear.
Mae, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most.
Mak, make.
Mang, 'mong.
Maun, must.
Maunna, must not.
Mebbie, perhaps.
Menseless, shameless.
Mickle, much.
Mither, mother.
Monie, many.

Mou', mouth.
Muckle, much; large,
Mysel', myself.
Na, no; not.
Nae, no; not any.
Naebody, nobody.
No', not.
Noo, now.
O', of.
On't, on it.
Oor, our.
Owre, over; too much.
Pairt, part.
Pairted, parted.
Pou'd, pull'd.
Puir. poor.
Raw, row.
Roosing sang, jolly song.
Roun', round.
Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Sair, sore.
Sairly, sorely.
Sang, song.
Saxpence, sixpence.
Shearin', reaping.
Shiel, to shield.
Shoon, shoes.
Shouther, shoulder.
Sic, such.
Siccar, steady; sure.
Sin', since.
Smaest, smallest.
Sonsie, having sweet, engaging looks.
Soom, to swim; to be giddy.

Spearin', enquiring.
Speel, to climb.
Speerit, alcohol.
Spier, to enquire.
Splore, a frolic.
Stanes, stones.
Stang, sting.
Stap, stop.
Stown, stolen.
Swoor, swore.
Taen, taken.
Tak, take.
Tauld, told.
Tearfu', tearful.
Telt, told.
Tent, to take heed.
Thegether, together.
Themsel', themselves.
Thole, to suffer.
Thoughtna, thought not.
Thrang, throng.
Thraw, throw.
Toon, town.
Twa, two.
Twal, twelve.
Uncanny, supernatural.
Unco, very; very strange.
Unfauld, unfold.
Upo', upon.
Vaunty, boastful; haughty.
Wa', wall.
Wad, would.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, woe.
Waesome, woeful.

Waitin', waiting.
Wame, belly.
Warl, world.
Wauk, to rouse from sleep.
Waukens, to rouse into action.
Weans, children.
Wee, small.
Weel, well.
Weelfare, welfare.
Wha, who.
Whiggin', a beating.
Whuttle, a knife.
Wi', with.
Winna, will not.
Winsome, lovely; of engaging appearance.
Withouten, without.
Wiss't, wish'd.
Wrang, wrong.
Ye, you.
Yearnin', yearning.
Yerds, yards.
Yere, you are; your.
Yon, there; beyond.
Yoursel', yourself.
Youthfu', youthful.

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date stamped below.

Min.
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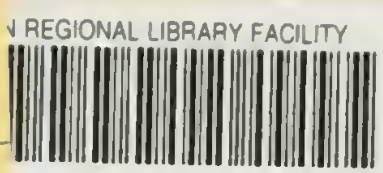

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